

THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1867.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



BEGINNING THE VOYAGE.

THE boat has left the wharf, taking the young son and brother to the ship in which he is to make a voyage across the sea. He has parted with the dear ones of the home-circle,—father, mother, and sisters: and now they stand and watch the boat and its precious freight, waving their handkerchiefs to the boy; and he returns the salute, while his eyes are very likely full of tears at the thought of this separation. Yet he expects to enjoy this voyage which his father has planned for his good. The captain of the ship is a friend of his father, and is a good, kind man, who will be like a father to him while he is on board the ship or in his care.

Your picture for December, the closing month of the year, represented the close of a voyage. Here, at the beginning of a year, we have the beginning of a voyage. Will it not be pleasant to think, that, as we

commence this new year, we are beginning a new voyage, and that we can have with us a Captain who will be to us, if we desire it and ask it, more kind and more good to us than the kindest of earthly fathers and the best of earthly friends?

Who of you have asked Jesus to begin the new year's voyage with you, and be your captain? Are any of you willing to sail without him?

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

ALLY'S CONSCIENCE.

"Mother," little Ally said, as he came in from the garden, and stood, leaning his back against an open door,—"mother, do you want I should tell you something?"

Ally's tone was a little different from usual; so his mother answered, "I don't know as I do."

"Mayn't I tell you something, mother?" Ally persisted.

"If you wish to, Ally, you may."

"Mother, don't you know you told me I mustn't have a peach unless there was one on the ground?"

"Very likely I did, Ally: when was it?"

"Oh! a great while ago, when the yellow peaches were ripe; and I brought one in, and said I picked it up from the ground."

"Well, didn't you find it there, Ally?"

"Oh, yes, ma! I picked it up; but I knocked it off from the tree first: and that was just like a lie, wasn't it, ma?"

"Just like it, Ally; and I'm so sorry my little boy has kept a lie in his heart all this time, and has not told his mother, nor asked God to forgive him!"

Ally began to cry: his mother laid down her work, and took him upon her lap.

"I was sorry, ma: I don't love to play in the garden."

"Does the peach-tree make you think of your sin, my child?"

"Yes, ma'am," sobbed Ally: "I put the peach under the currant-bush, and I don't like the currant-bush too; and I think about it when I go to bed, and the dark makes me cry about it."

This little circumstance occurred nearly a year before, when Ally was scarcely four years old; and the sin had been hurting his conscience ever since. His mother let him cry now, and put his arms round her neck, and say, "I'm sorry I so naughty to my dear mother!"

"But, Ally, there is One who saw you knock the peach off, and who knew all the wicked thoughts of your heart about it, when mother didn't know."

"Will God love me any more?" asked Ally.

"We'll go up stairs and kneel down, and ask God to forgive you, and help you never to do so any more."

They went up stairs: the mother told God all about Ally's sin, and begged him to forgive. And then Ally prayed in his own words: "O God! I so sorry I say just like a lie! Please to forgive me—I won't do so any more—for Christ's sake. Amen."

Then his good mother talked with him about doing wrong, and how God always sees and knows, and how he can forgive sinners if they are truly sorry for their sin.

Ally looked grieved, and sobbed a long time after this; but his conscience was relieved by his confession: he could play under the peach-tree now, and be happy. But the best of all is, Ally's mother never knew him to tell a falsehood again: the sting of that sin stood by him a long time; and all the way up to the years of a man he was afraid of any thing so wicked and shameful as a lie.

How much easier and better it is for children always to confess a sin, and be forgiven!

L.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.—Ps. xxxii. 2.



"A happy New Year!" Yes, dear young readers, I wish you all a happy New Year. Childhood and youth ought to be glad seasons. I hope you will be as happy as the lambs and the young birds pictured in the new heading for *The Child at Home*. May you grow wiser and better and more useful, and thus happier, as the days go by! If it please God, may you be spared to see the close of this year, and of many others yet to come; but, if any of you are to be called away before its close, may you be so fully prepared for that call, by the grace of our dear Saviour, that your happiness shall be increased by the change of worlds beyond all that we can think!

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

THE CUNNING LITTLE PIG.

It was Sunday morning on mid prairie, where there is a great sweep of land without a tree or a stone or a hill,—only grass green and beautiful, and flowers thick and fresh, nodding to each other a pleasant greeting. At a little distance from the wild land, the corn stood up stiffly in the breeze, and oats and wheat waved gracefully; and close by the cultivated fields was a farm-house, with a barn-yard near. Cows and horses and young colts and sheep and lambs were frisking over the meadows, or coming up to the trough in the barn-yard to drink. Under the shed was an old sow, with eleven little new pigs, that were born to her on that bright morning. She looked very proud of her children: but, when they went to dinner, there were only ten plates set; and one poor little fellow stood watching his brothers and sisters as they ate, and squeaking with his faint voice for very hunger.

The mistress of the farm-house found out how matters were going on, and took piggy into the house. "I will bring him up by hand," said she, "and will show them a nicer pig than all the rest put together."

How pretty and clean he was! pure and white, with black spots here and there on his coat, and a pink nose that had never yet rooted in the dirt.

I took him in my arms, and wondered if it would be possible to train him to habits of cleanliness, and so to change his nature that he would be always decent and respectable; but, the moment the little tin cup of milk was presented to him, he plunged his nose into it, and then began rooting at my sleeve, and burying his head under my arm. I cuddled him down in my lap, and wanted to pet him, and soothe him to sleep; but, oh dear me! was there ever such a restless little animal? He was all over me in a minute; and showed such savage propensities, that I was forced to carry him out and put him into the box of straw that had been provided for him. There he was quite contented, and curled himself up in the sunshine to take a nap. I left him, and went into the house to take bright-eyed Aggie upon my lap instead; for she came to me gladly, and sat still like a little lady, and said her Bible-verses: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me;" and, "Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

Now and then Aggie and I would go out to look at the piggy, and see if he was comfortable and happy, and to give him more milk to make him grow; but I did not try again to pet him as you would pet a baby; for I knew that he would keep true to the nature and habits that belonged to him, and that all

the nice training in the world would not make of him a gentleman.

If you and I are only as true to our immortal nature as piggy is to his groveling one, we shall, by the help of Him who made us in his own image, soar upward to that blissful and eternal kingdom which God has prepared for his dear children.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

THE BOY-HELPERS.

Mr. W. was the burden-bearer in the D. church. He believed that *every one* should put his shoulder under the blessed burden to the full measure of his strength; *but*, if any failed to do so, he could not see it fall. He took the additional weight on himself, and left the careless one to settle his account with the Lord of the vineyard at night-fall.

A few years since, Mr. W., though living in the city, purchased a cow, that his little ones might have pure milk. Then, remembering the children of his minister, he told his little son to take a quart of milk to them every morning before school. The little fellow did so cheerfully for three or four weeks; but then the novelty wore off, and the mornings grew cold, and he complained of the task.

"None of the other boys carry milk anywhere before they go to school," he said; "and I don't want to."

"Very well, my son," said the father. "I shall require nothing unreasonable of you. You are old enough to realize the benefit you receive from the minister of Christ. Would you like to have Mr. S. go away, and have the church-doors closed?"

"No, indeed, father," replied the boy.

"Then I think you should do your part in sustaining him. Now, if you have money, give that; and I will get some poorer boy, who loves the church and Sabbath school, to carry the milk," said Mr. W.

Harry smiled, and said, "But you know, father, I have no money but what you give me; and, if I should give five dollars a year to the church, it would only be your giving so much more than you now do."

"Certainly, my son; and therefore it would be no more your gift than what I now pay. But your time before school, and your strength, are your own. You can make a little offering of these, and God will honor you for it. It is but honest that you make some return for the benefits you receive from Mr. S. If you mean to be a high-minded, generous man, and a useful Christian, when God shall convert your soul,—as I firmly believe he will do,—you must begin your work while a boy. I never knew a lazy, mean, and selfish youth to grow into a large-souled man. Such are often converted; but they carry the dark skin and the Ethiopian spots through life with them."

From that moment, Harry uttered no complaint of his morning mission. He told the other boys what his father had said: and Willie Green cried, "Well, I've got a bushel of nuts I brought home from grandfather's; I'll carry a peck of them to Mr. S. this very night!"

George Adams said, "I'll go to the post-office for him every morning;" and stout Oliver Brown said, "I'll split his kindlings. Mother often says she hasn't half enough for four great boys to do for exercise."

From that day, the boys of the D. church have been strong helpers to their minister; and one who did nothing for him would be ashamed to own it.

Dear Harry carried his little burden but one short year; for then God took him to himself: but his example has influenced his play-mates, who doubtless will grow up to be faithful in the great things of life.

Oh, how much the boys of a congregation could do to aid and relieve their minister! Have you ever begun to pay the debt you owe the man of God, who labors so much and prays so earnestly for you, boys?

J.

For the Child at Home.

EMPHASIZING THE "IF."

A little boy, who thinks that within the last month he has given his heart to the Saviour, sat down, on a quiet Sabbath evening at twilight, to sing with his mother some of the beautiful songs in his "Sabbath-school and Vestry Hymns."

When he had sung through the first verse of the one commencing,

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,"

he paused; and, placing his finger upon one word in the line,

"Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,"

he said, "I sung that very differently two weeks ago, mother."

"How so?" she replied.

"Then I emphasized the *if*. I had to sing,

'Then *if* to Jesus our hearts have been given;'

but now I sing it right straight along."

These were precious words to the mother's heart.

Children, do you sing,

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move"?

I am sure you do, many hundreds of you. Will you not all give your hearts to Christ, so that you can sing it without "emphasizing the if"? *



For the Child at Home.

AN ANCIENT TIME-KEEPER.

It is called a *clepsydra*. It is a kind of instrument by which the ancients measured time by the flowing of water. When they wished to regulate the length of the discourses of their lawyers in courts, or orators in assemblies, they made use of vases filled with a certain quantity of water, and allowed the speakers to take as much time as the water occupied in entirely running out of the vases. In some of the speeches of ancient orators, allusions to this kind of time-keepers are found. Some of these instruments were very ingeniously made, and highly ornamented.

This picture shows a clepsydra, as drawn originally by a French artist from a description of a celebrated Roman architect. On the left is seen a child, whose tears, falling drop by drop, and coming from a cistern, feed the clepsydra: the water that thus falls causes the other child, who stands on the back of a fish and carries an arrow pointing at the hours on the column, to ascend or descend. As the ancients divided the interval between the rising and setting of the sun into twelve hours, the length of the

hour was continually changing throughout the year as the days grew longer or shorter. The lines on the column of the clepsydra being curved, as represented in the figure, making the spaces between them of different widths at different points, any day in the year could be divided into twelve hours by simply turning the column. Ask an older friend to explain this, if you do not fully understand it.

Sun-dials and clepsydres are the oldest time-keepers of which we have any record. Reference is made to the sun-dial in 2 Kings, chapter twenty, and in Isaiah, chapter twenty-eight, where, as an assurance to Hezekiah that his life should be prolonged, God caused the shadow on the dial of Ahaz to move backward ten degrees. Ahaz was King of Judah seven hundred and forty-two years before Christ. We are permitted to see very great improvements in the instruments used for measuring time; and perhaps at this very moment the ticking of a watch or clock is reminding my young reader that time is swiftly flying.



For the Child at Home.

ASLEEP IN THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Fast asleep in the old arm-chair,
With the Bible on her lap;
Parted the threads of silvery hair
Under her widow's cap.

Meekly folded the thin white hands,
Placid the beauteous brow:
Mother is roaming in far-off lands;
Angels are with her now.

Never a thought of toil or care
Troubles her quiet breast;
While she is sitting serenely there,
Taking her noontide rest.

I leave, my Maker, when I shall be
Weary of earth's dull strife,
I may fall asleep as peacefully,
Holding the Word of life!

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

THE MODEL.

"Why, Minnie, my child, how quiet you are! What are you thinking about?"

"I don't know, mamma; at least, I don't think you would understand. I feel all stirred up."

Minnie Lawrence stood in the deep recess of a window, pressing her little white face against the pane, and drawing every few moments what seemed a very long sigh for such a little girl. It was the evening of her tenth birthday, and it had been a day of special gratification to her. Her little tea-company had just departed, and her mother wondered at her pensive attitude and quietness.

"Wouldn't understand," Minnie? Well, I think it's the first time mamma would fail to comprehend your thoughts. Try me, and see if I am so dull. Has any thing gone wrong to-day?"

"Oh, no, indeed, mother! I believe I never had a nicer birthday. My presents were exactly what I wanted; and the tea-party was arranged so beautifully, that I felt quite proud of it. Ella Reid said it was the prettiest table she ever saw. I do think birthdays are so nice! But, mother—"

"Well, Minnie, what's the 'but'?"

"I wish I knew who to be like. I'm all the time

admiring some one else, and trying to be like her. First it's Carrie Hawthorne; then Lizzie Putnam; and to-day I concluded that Bessie Truman was just perfect."

"I should think you might be puzzled. What makes you want to copy Carrie Hawthorne, Minnie?"

"Why, don't you remember, that last April, when she was here on that visit, how much papa said about her manners? She was so lady-like and, polite! After she had gone, he was always bringing her up as a pattern if I was rude. I've tried ever so hard to act just like her; and for a little while I feel all screwed up to it, but afterward I am more awkward than at first."

"Something like having on shoulder-braces, isn't it, Minnie? But what are Miss Lizzie's traits that take your fancy so?"

"Lizzie Putnam is very studious and industrious. She isn't a bit like Carrie; but Miss Ford is always praising her in school. It must be so nice to have everybody look up to you because you know so much! But, you see, I like to play so much better than Lizzie. I don't believe she ever touches a doll; and she is for ever poring over that hateful grammar, when we are having such a good time at 'hide-and-seek' at recess! I don't believe I should like grammar if I were perfect."

"So you would be courtly in your manners, and withal very wise, Minnie. And what are Bessie Truman's envied accomplishments?"

"I don't think she has any accomplishments, mother; but everybody loves her, because she's so sweet and obliging. The girls said the other day that they had never heard her say an unkind word at school, and at home she takes care of that crippled brother of hers all the time she has. Miss Ford says she is the most unselfish girl she ever knew; but I guess Bessie doesn't know it, because she never seems to think that she's anybody at all."

"Yes, Minnie, I noticed an instance this afternoon which showed her self-forgetfulness; and I think that in this she is a very good model. But I fear, my darling, that you are quite mistaken in your way of striving to be good. Don't try to copy people, but the traits of character in them which make them lovely."

"Graft these traits on your own life and character: thus you will be natural and attractive too. I would not have you an artificial bunch of manners and ideas that you picked up around you; for in this way I think you might spoil a very good 'Minnie Lawrence' in making a very poor somebody else. But you will find the greatest help in asking Jesus to give you a new heart, and the gifts of his grace: these alone can make you truly lovely and truly happy."

"Then, mamma," said Minnie disconsolately, "I don't think it's much use for me to try to be different. I was going to turn over so many new leaves for my new year!"

"There is a great deal of use in trying in the right way. Carrie Hawthorne's attractive politeness and good-breeding may be yours too. The truest politeness is that which springs from a kind and unselfish heart. Bessie Truman's manners may not have all the polish that you see in Carrie's; but in the long-run, at home and in company, I believe you would find Bessie's the most faultless."

"I think so too, mamma. Carrie only has her manners on in the parlor. I can't bear to play with her; for she always will have her own way."

"And as to Lizzie Putnam's accomplishments, your mind is quite as capable as hers, and all you lack is the application. I earnestly trust, that, in faithfulness to your studies, you are determined to turn over a new leaf."

"Oh, I have, mother!" replied Minnie, again brightening into animation. "You don't know how many resolutions I have made!"

"I think you are too tired to do much more than resolve to-night. Some other evening, we will talk longer of these graces of character, which I really want you to cultivate. Meanwhile, you must remember that there is but one perfect model, which you may safely copy. Try to be like Him,—Jesus of Nazareth."

E. N. C.



For the Child at Home.

"DRUNK: THAT'S ALL."

"What is it?" I asked one of a crowd of men upon the sidewalk, from whom, as I approached them, I had heard repeated shouts of merriment. "What is there so amusing here?"

"Why, don't you see?" was the reply. "The fellow's drunk: that's all."

Yes, I did see. It was a young man, who, in different circumstances, might have been called fine-looking. He had evidently been well-dressed a few hours before, though now his hat was battered, and his clothes were soiled; and it made him a still more pitiable object to see the evidences that he had come from a good home. He sat on the dusty walk, his back leaning against the brick wall, his head wagging, his eyes winking, and an idiotic smile upon his face. As he occasionally made some senseless remark, the laugh went up from the crowd.

A police-officer soon came, who appeared to understand the case; and, lifting the poor disgraced youth to his feet, he led him off, either to his home, or to some place where he could get sober.

He was drunk: "that's all."

"And is not that enough?" I thought. If that boy—for he was scarcely more than a boy—has a mother worthy of the name, if he has a father who knows what it is to be honored or dishonored by a child, if he has brothers or sisters, will they not all think it enough for the son and brother to come home in charge of an officer, who will explain, as he leaves him at the door, "I found him drunk in the street?"

That's all. Ah, boys! to have such a story true of some of you, though it might be "all," would be enough to break your mother's heart, to deepen the lines of care on your father's brow as business or labor could never deepen them, to bring from your sister's eyes tears such as they never yet have shed.

How many hopes have been blasted, how many sorrows have been caused, how many graves have been filled, by intemperance!

I have a dear friend in mind now as I write to you: a noble, promising young man he was once; but he began to find pleasure in the drunkard's bowl, and then his prospects darkened. He was in



VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

NO. 2.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



BUILDING A VILLAGE.

"Now, Walter," said Mr. Lee, "before I tell you about this picture, I want to see if you and Nellie can remember those that we have looked at on other evenings and laid aside. I want you to keep these things in mind, you know."

"Well, father, a long time ago, we had a picture of some Esquimaux dogs, and a story about life in the North. Then we didn't have any pictures of animals for a long time; but the next was a lion. Then we had some birds, penguins you called them; and after that"—

"Oh! you've forgot the elephant, Walter," interrupted Nellie. "Don't you remember about that elephant plowing? We had him before the penguins."

"So we did, Nellie. It was in Ceylon, where they used him instead of a pair of oxen. Well, after the penguins, we had a bear."

"A bear and a fox," said bright little Nellie.

"Yes, a bear and a fox; but the talk was more about the bear than the fox. That's all I can remember, father."

"Very well," said Mr. Lee. "Now, what are these in the picture before us?"

"Beavers!" said both children in a breath.

"And what are they doing?"

Nellie couldn't tell; but Walter said he had heard of their building dams across streams of water, and he supposed that might be what they were about.

"They build dams, it is true," said their father; "but here they are making their houses, or 'building a village.' The beaver is a very interesting animal. It is about two feet in length; and its body is covered with soft fur, mostly of a chestnut-brown. The eyes are small, and wide apart, and stand obliquely, or 'aslant' as you would say, in the head. The hind legs are larger than the fore ones. The tail is nearly half as long as the body. It is flat, and of an oval shape, like a paddle; and is covered with hard scales instead of fur."

"The beavers build them houses of stones, sticks, limbs or trunks of tree, and mud,—the same materials that they use in making a dam; and the dam is built, of course, before they begin upon their houses. The water is thus made so deep, that it will not freeze solid in the winter. They carry their building materials between their fore-paws and chin; and, when the builder has arranged a load to his satisfaction, he turns about, strikes it a blow with his tail, and goes off for another load."

"Does each family have a separate home of its own?" asked Nellie.

"Not exactly. There are sometimes as many as four old beavers and six or eight young ones in a house or lodge. So you see they need to have very good dispositions, or there might be quarreling in the house. They live on the bark of trees, as the willow, birch, poplar, and elder; and, in the summer-time, they lay up a stock of food for winter. Beavers can be easily tamed, and made to feel quite at home with man."

"Where do they live?" inquired Walter.

"In the northern parts both of Europe and America. But they are unknown in the south: they are made to live in the colder regions. They never finish their houses till late in the fall; and then the mud and water about them, freezing, makes the houses more secure from the prowling wolverines, or gluttons, that are their worst enemies, if we except men, who, as you know, take them for their fur. As we think and talk together, my children, about these various animals, how plainly we can see that the great, good, and wise Creator has arranged all things with a view to the happiness of his creatures, and that he provides for all according to their need!"

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER.

"I am so tired, mamma, and it is so very hot! May I not finish learning my lesson to-morrow morning?"

"No, Alfred: I can not allow this. You know your lessons begin to-morrow very early. You have scarcely time to dress and take breakfast. Come here to me near the open window. The evening air is so fresh and fragrant! Hear how the little birds are still caroling! They are not yet tired, and my boy would give up learning already. Show me what it is you have still to do: perhaps it will become easier if I learn with you."

The following beautiful Bible-verses were the lesson: "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And, above all things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness" (Col. iii. 12-14). And now the mother, putting her arm round Alfred's waist, left not off repeating and rehearsing every line till she was sure her little son knew his task well.

Did Alfred soon afterward forget what he learned

this evening? or did he remember and mind it in after-life? Let us see. Nearly twenty years after, we meet the same Alfred again, now a tall, serious man. In an agitated manner, he paces his room to and fro. It is not the same room in which he used to learn when a little boy: nor is his mother there; she has been dead many years.

But it was summer evening too: the room felt hot and close. Alfred's brow was knitted: he looked heated and wrathful. A friend had deceived him; a man who had been very dear to him had proved a selfish, base character; and Alfred thought upon the means to punish him. It was in his power to do so severely, and he would do it. Hot with agitation, he opened the window. Fresh, fragrant evening-air cooled his brow: the birds caroled as gayly as they did the evening when he learned at the side of his mother. — "Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

It was as if these words were clearly printed on the peaceful scene before him, as if the soft voice of his mother repeated them to him. No: he had not forgotten them. After a season of quiet meditation, he shut his window, took his hat, and went to the man who had so bitterly offended him. "You have done me a great wrong," he said, "and I was about to ruin you for it; but God has delivered me from this temptation. I came to tell you that I forgave you, even as Christ forgives me."

C. Sire.

PRUSSIA, September, 1866.

HAWAIIAN IDOL.

The Rev. S. C. Damon, chaplain at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, has sent us the photograph of a heathen idol, of which we give a copy here. He writes concerning it as follows:—

"Enclosed you will find the photograph of an old idol, which I found in the premises of a foreigner, living about thirty miles from Honolulu, and on the other side of this island. The accompanying editorial appeared in 'The Friend' for September last. It was not supposed such an idol existed on the islands. During all my residence here of twenty-four years, I have never seen but one or two specimens.

"You may see such idols at the missionary-rooms and in the British Museum; but they are not to be found here."

We copy from the editorial of which Mr. Damon speaks:—

"A genuine idol, of the olden time, has recently been discovered at Waialua, Oahu. Through the permission of his Excellency Ex-Gov. Kekuanaoa, this idol has been presented to the Museum of Oahu College. It is about eight feet in length, and resembles the ancient images represented in Jarvis's History. Many hundreds of Hawaiians have gathered to see this huge image while it was set up in front of the 'Kuokoa' office, at the Sailor's Home, Honolulu. So very rare are these specimens of ancient idolatry, that but very few of the present generation of Hawaiians ever saw one. This one was found in a taro patch, or fish-pond, where it was doubtless cast when the idols were destroyed in 1819. One old native woman informed us, while gazing at the image, that Mr. Lane would get no more fish from his fish-pond because he has shown such indignity to this idol."

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—
Exod. xx. 3.



For the Child at Home.

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

"I'll ne'er forgive him; no, not I;
He's spoilt my pretty book;
Besides, he told an awful lie,"
Said Frank with angry look.

"He says he never touched it, ma;
The ugly, hateful tease!
Oh, ho! Hugh White, so there you are,
Out swinging at your ease!"

"Hush, hush, my boy! What's that you say?—
You'll ne'er forgive poor Hugh?
How can you, then, for mercy pray?
Shall God condemn you too?"

"If ye forgive not men their sins,
I will not you forgive:
Undying hate deep woe begins:
How sad in strife to live!"

"Consider what a dreadful thing
To live unloved by God!
Go, Frank, let Peace, with snowy wing,
Unfold her banner broad."

"Forgive me, I was very rude,
Dear Hugh," Frank gently said:
Ah! then, in humble, contrite mood,
Hugh meekly hung his head,

And begged forgiveness o'er and o'er:
E'en such the power of love;
Forgiven, they were friends once more,
And there was joy above.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

THE WATCHER.

BY FRANCES LEE.

From my window I can see, looking over the busy street and over the roofs and chimneys of stores and dwellings, a high round-tower,—higher than any thing excepting the church-spires. The top of it is flat, and there is a balustrade all around.

Above this balustrade, I always see, when I look that way, a man's head. At morning, at evening, and all day long, I see that head on the watch for danger to the city. It is there all day, and also all night; and at the least sign of fire, of smoke where smoke ought not to be, of a strange light, or any thing unusual and improper, the man comes down to a bell which hangs in the tower just below him, and strikes it fast and heavy with a great hammer to tell the people there is danger. First a few quick strokes, and afterward more slowly, he strikes the number of the ward where the danger is.

Then, away down under him, in a brick house on the ground, is a steam fire-engine; and, at the first hurried stroke of the fire-bell, the horses, trained to know the sound, come out from their stalls at the side, and step into their places before the engine. There are always some men about the building to change places on the watch, to take care of the engine and horses, and be ready to start in an instant at an alarm. So, before the city is aroused, and sometimes before the people in the burning house themselves know that their dwelling is on fire, the engine is there at work.

When there is no sign of any evil,—only the stir of the cars and wagons and foot-people in the streets, and boats upon the river, or the city is asleep and still under the shining stars,—the watcher on his tower strikes off the hours, as they go by, upon the bell, slowly and loudly. Then I believe all is well; and when in the night I hear the alarm-bell telling the time, and telling nothing more, I feel safe and protected.

But we have another Watcher, higher than the man in the tower,—a Watcher who can look over the whole universe, and see if there is danger.

The watcher on the tower can only keep a lookout, and alarm the people after the danger comes; and, except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain: while the Watcher above can keep the evil away altogether. Nothing happens unless he allows it; and he can do every thing.

So we, who are his children, need never be afraid. Though we are in the dark, or all alone, or sick, or in any sort of trouble, we need not be frightened: for the Lord is our keeper; and, behold, He that keepeth us shall neither slumber nor sleep.



LITTLE BENNIE'S "TELEGRAPH."

This pleasant picture of a loving elder sister and her little brother is taken from a book entitled "Madge Graves," by the author of "Bessie Lovell." Benny's sister was very busy, and she had told him she could not amuse him just then; but the little boy was tired, and persisted in teasing her.

"Benny, you mustn't trouble me now," said Madge in a more authoritative tone. "I can't play all the time. I must finish this blanket; and you are a naughty little boy to trouble me so."

At this display of firmness, Benny moved slowly away, with his forefinger in his mouth, and wrath in his face; while he silently eyed her, as if he would say, "You are unworthy to be my sister." Having looked at her long enough, as he thought, to convince her of his everlasting displeasure, he took his seat in his little chair, with his cart on his lap; and there he sat several minutes in perfect silence, twisting half-way round three or four times to see if there was any prospect of her turning into a horse. But Madge, all engrossed with her work, and glad that Benny had at last succeeded in diverting himself, as she supposed he had, did not even look up. This was too much for him to endure; and at last, with an air of offended dignity and wounded self-love, he said, "Me doesn't like you, Madge Graves. Me doesn't like anybody in this whole world." One glance at her disappointed, unhappy brother, awakened Madge's sympathies.

"Poor little fellow!" she thought; "his horse is his kingdom. If I were in his place, and couldn't have the horse I wanted, may-be I should feel just as he does, and not 'like anybody in this whole world';" and she laid down the blanket, and went to his relief.

"See here, Benny," she said, turning two chairs back to back, and placing them about three feet apart, "don't you want to play telegraph again?"

"Oh, yes! me does. Me hasn't played it in ever so long," answered Benny, brightening up, and springing from his chair.

"Well, that's a good boy. Sister hasn't the time this afternoon to play horse: so you can take the cord, and put it back and forth on these chairs, and make telegraph-wires, just as you always do. You know how."

"Oh, yes! me does. Me doesn't want you now. Me can play all alone."

The happy little telegraph operator at once set himself busily at work; while Madge sat down again to her blanket, and was soon absorbed, as before.

"Here's a cup of milk for the baby as soon as she wakes up," said Charlotte, coming into the room: "but good luck to her and you too, and may she sleep a couple of hours yet! for it's as sweet as Sunday to you to have a little quiet, I know."

"I hope she will; for I want to finish this blanket, and get it off my hands, I've been so long about it. You may set the cup of milk down on that little table, and I'll give it to her when she wakes up."

"Look at my melograff-wires!" exclaimed Benny, dancing around the chairs. "Me's got 'em all tied on; and now me's going to send word on 'em to Aunt Lottie, to know if she won't come here next summer and bring the baby."

"Oh!" laughed out Madge, "tell her she needn't bring the baby, for we have one of our own; and two babies in one house are worse than an earthquake."

"What's an earthquake?"

"It's a great shaking of the earth, that sometimes makes houses tumble down, and sink ever so far under the ground."

"Well, Lulu and cousin Freddie couldn't do that, nor any thing half so bad: so me's going to send word to Aunt Lottie to bring him."

"Very well: you may send just such messages as you like."

"She says she'll come, and bring Freddy and all the children," said Benny, after working a minute or two longer at his "melograff-wires."

"Oh, how dreadful! we haven't room for them all!" answered Madge, much to the amusement of Benny; but the question of their coming was settled in his mind, and he began to think of another use for his "melograff-wires."

"Me's going to send my pennies to the heathens," he said; and he took two pennies out of his pocket, and began to slide them over the cord.

"Me's sent the heathens word they are coming, and now me's sending the pennies themselves. Go ahead with you, old pennies; and don't you stop till you get where the heathens are. There! me's got the answer. They say they're much obliged to me, and would like a whole lot more as quick as me can earn 'em; and me's sent 'em back word that me can't earn any more till it stops raining and freezes up."

That was a very significant message; for Benny earned nearly all his money by not crying when his hands were cold. He had a little sled, and was very fond of sliding down hill, but generally came in crying, with aching hands. Still he was never willing to be denied the pleasure of being out; and a low hill, within sight of the house, was well worn by his sled. Finally, the reward of a penny was offered him, — a penny, to be paid down every time he was a brave boy, and didn't cry with the cold. He had had quite a stock of pennies on hand, earned by his fortitude: but they had disappeared in various ways, as money will; and Benny could see no prospect of increasing his fortune, for it had been thawing, and growing milder, for several days. However, the two pennies seemed to satisfy him: for in each of them there was a hole, and his ingenuity had taught him to suspend them by short strings to his "melograff-wires;" and they went dancing back and forth, "the heathens" returning them very frequently for him to examine.

For the Child at Home.

JOHNNY CORMICK'S SILVER HALF-DOLLAR.

John is a little boy seven years of age, and was a slave until the year 1862. He has been to school and to Sabbath school, and learned to read, and wanted to do something to help the Tract Society to send papers and books to the little boys and girls who are still destitute; but he is very poor.

His old friend W. M. Coan, being in Norfolk, invited the children under his care to come together, to sing, and have a good time in general, but, above all, to thank God for his goodness to them. It was a joyful occasion. The children sang, "Jesus reigns," "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone," "Jesus loves me," "Marching on," and other beautiful tunes, in a manner which evinced their appreciation, and improvement of their privileges. At the close, it was proposed to make a "thank-offering" to God by contributing to the funds of the American Tract Society.

Oh, how eager the children were to contribute from their poverty! Only a small portion of them, however, had even a penny. But *they did what they could*. John Cormick had a bright silver half-dollar that he had found. He was glad of the opportunity of giving it for the good cause; and the hundreds of children present clapped their hands, and seemed to be proud of this noble act on the part of one of their number.

How many little boys and girls there are in this country that would not have thus given their all! I hope, however, that many who read this will be influenced to do what they can for the Tract and other good societies that are trying to bless all the destitute in this destitute South, both white and colored.

W. L. C.



For the Child at Home.

THE BIRCH AND THE HEMLOCK.

You have heard, I suppose, of Dr. Charles Jewett, an earnest friend of temperance, and a veteran laborer in that cause. He told me a pleasant story, which I will give you; and it shows that he thinks and speaks of other good things as well as temperance.

At the close of a meeting in Chicago, where he had made an address, a gentleman, who he afterwards learned was an influential merchant of that city, went to him, and spoke with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "Do you remember when we first met, doctor?" inquired this gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Wells.

"No, I do not," replied Dr. Jewett.

"Do you remember delivering an address, many years ago, in the town of —, in Berkshire County, Mass.?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, how did you get from the railroad depot to that village?"

"A boy took me over."

"Yes; that's it. I was that boy. It was in the

winter, and I took you in a sleigh. As we rode along, we passed a hill upon which was a grove of trees. There was one old hemlock that had fallen partly over, but rested against a stout, young, black birch. You called my attention to them, saying to me, 'My boy, there's something for us to learn there. There's a lesson for us in those two trees.' I saw the trees; but I didn't see the lesson, and I told you so. 'The old hemlock was getting infirm,' you replied; 'and that smart young birch said to it, "My good neighbor, you're not so strong as you used to be, and you can't stand very well without help. Now, the next time a storm comes, do you just lean over upon me, and I'll hold you up. I can't tell how long I shall be spared to do it; but, anyway, you lean on me." So, when the next gale blew over the hill, the weak old hemlock leaned upon the strong arms of its kind-hearted young friend; and there it has rested ever since. Now, my boy,' you went on, 'there's a beautiful lesson, don't you see? — the lesson of *brotherly love*; a lesson, too, of *respect for the aged*.' Let me tell you, Dr. Jewett," continued Mr. Wells, "I never forgot your words or that lesson. They have done me good through all the years since then, and have reminded me very often of the love that is due to a brother-man, and the respect that belongs to the aged."

No wonder that the birch and the hemlock were never forgotten by that boy. Was it not a pleasant sight? and did not the doctor rightly interpret the language of the trees? And does not this wise improvement of such an opportunity to speak kind words of counsel by the way, and the good that came of it, remind us of that Bible saying, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver"?

Let us, too, remember the lesson of the birch and the hemlock. One who spake as never man spake has told us that there is no greater commandment than the two, the first of which calls for love to God, and the second for love to our neighbor. Nothing is more beautiful in the young who are imitating Christ as well in other things than a loving, respectful treatment of those who have passed far on in the pilgrimage of life, and are nearing its end. Those were precious words from the warm-hearted apostle John: "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but *in deed and in truth*."

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

THE CANDY-DRAWER.

Little Ruth was standing before her mother's bureau. One drawer was open: and, if you had looked in at the door just then, you would have seen Ruth holding a little square package in her hand, pinching and pressing it to see if it was hard or soft, and smelling it to see if it was good to eat; in short, wondering very much what was in the nice-looking parcel in her mother's drawer. The smelling test seemed to have a decided effect on Ruth.

She did not untie the cord which kept the contents from her sight. Oh, no! she would not be so naughty as that: she would only break the paper just the least bit at one corner, to see if it was really something as good as she guessed from that smell. Ah, yes! the little hole in the corner revealed a pretty red-and-white stripe, shining like ice. It was hard too, and Ruth could not break it without tearing the paper too much; but she would just draw out the whole stick, and smooth over the broken paper, and it would never be missed. But the coveted stick of candy was scarcely transferred to her pocket before she thought, "I will just look once more, and see if there are any other kinds: there might be some sugar-plums or lemon-drops. I wouldn't take even one." So she took up the paper again; and, although she felt pretty sure she saw some pink sugar-plums, they

THE CHILD AT HOME



VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1867.

NO. 3.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



THE STAG IN A SNARE.

"HERE we are, father, all ready; and here's a deer with something fastened to his leg that keeps him from running fast," said Walter.

"Yes, and there is the dog too," said Nellie; "and the hunter with a spear: and I'm afraid they'll catch him; for they're close behind."

"It's a noble stag, and he's in a bad way, certainly," said Mr. Lee. "Poor fellow! he's caught in a trap; and I don't think he can escape."

"Why! is that a trap, father?"

"Yes, Nellie: it's a trap of a kind used in ancient times. I read lately, in an English magazine, a description of it. The article was entitled 'Ancient Greek and Roman Field Sports.' I will give you that description in the words, very nearly, as I read them: 'These traps, which were called "nooses for the feet," consisted of a circular crown of yew twigs, twisted strongly together. In this were fixed several spikes of tough yew wood and iron alternately, the iron being the larger. These spikes probably all pointed toward the center of the circle, and the diameter of the circular crown was perhaps two feet. The spikes were placed at equal distances apart, and so arranged that they permitted the foot of the animal to pass between them, and then closed upon the leg.'

"To this yew crown was firmly fastened a hemp rope, bearing at its other end a clog of oak timber,

perhaps about twenty-two inches long and four inches broad, with the bark still adhering to it. Such was the fashion of this instrument, and it was set as follows: A round hole was dug in the ground, about a foot and a half deep, equal in diameter at the top to the crown of the snare, and gradually narrowing below: another hole was made for the clog, and a channel for the rope. The circular part, or crown, of the snare, was then placed in the round hole, and the clog and rope each in their respective places; and all was covered over with leaves and earth."

"It was the custom of ancient hunters to set these traps, or snares, at night, in places which the deer were known to visit, and the next morning to go out to see if the traps were gone. For you must know, that if a deer stepped into one, and thus got it fixed to him, he would not be held by it, but would at once run away, or try to run, though he could get along but slowly. Then the hunters would find his track, follow him with dogs, and soon overtake and kill him."

"I have been thinking how many traps are set in our day, not for wild animals alone, but for the feet of the young,—for little feet even, like your own. Every temptation to do wrong, to commit sin, is a snare; and those who are not watchful and prayerful are caught. It would seem, at first, but a small thing for a deer to thrust his foot into that curious trap,

the weight of which is so little, that he can run away with it, though it hinders him. But the end of it is death to the poor animal; for the dogs and the hunter soon come up with him, and they show him no mercy. So some of the wrong things that children are tempted to do seem at first of little importance. But one sin committed makes way for another and another. The soul is caught in a snare, and the clog daily grows heavier; and unless that soul discovers its danger, and flies to the Saviour for help and mercy, the end will be death.

"Be careful, dear children, not to yield to temptation, and thus to be caught in the snare. Our blessed Lord knew what our dangers were when he taught us to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.'"

— Unele Paul.

For the Child at Home.

A BIRD OF THE AIR.

"Mother," said Johnny as he whittled away at the mast of his new boat, "I heard some men

talking about something secret just now; and Mr. Jones said, 'If you do it, some bird of the air will carry the news.' What did he mean, mother? Do birds ever tell people's secrets?"

"That is what is called a figure of speech, Johnny," answered the mother. "Mr. Jones meant that some person would find out the secret, or something they did not expect would report it. But, Johnny, though birds can not talk, animals have a way of their own to tell tales of human beings."

"Do they, mother? How?"

"A man once hired a neighbor's horse to go a little journey. The road was familiar to the horse; for his master had driven him over it many times. You know, horses always want to stop wherever they have been used to calling; and this one insisted upon turning up to the door of every shop on the way where liquor was sold. Didn't that horse tell a story, Johnny? And what was it?"

"Had his master been used to going to the grog-shops to get rum, mother? Wasn't that the story?"

"It seems so. The horse's young master would have been very sorry to have his friend and neighbor find out his evil habits; but his beast innocently told the story for him."

"That would be like a bird of the air carrying news: wouldn't it, mother?"

"Just like it. A man's sin will be pretty sure to find him out. It is never safe to do wrong, supposing the sin will always be hidden: something, if it is

only the instinct of an animal, will be likely to reveal it. I know another horse, that, when driven to a village a few miles from home, always goes of his own accord to a hitching-post near a church. Sometimes he attempts to call first at a store; but, if driven on, he marches up to the post-office, and halts. What story does that horse tell, Johnny?"

"It says his master goes to church and to the other places pretty often."

"You see, Johnny, God did not intend men should conceal their habits or their real characters very long. They can not often do it. Their sin will discover itself in some manner; and their habits, whatever they are, will be proclaimed by little things they never dreamed could tell. A man is safe in himself and in his reputation only when he acts so truly, and makes habits so honorable, that he would not be ashamed if the whole universe knew what he had been about."

Ellis.

For the Child at Home.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

They were Norwegians, come from that far-off country over the sea, in the northern part of Europe, where the peasants live chiefly upon dried fish, and bread made from the bark of the pine.

I had been all day sailing up the beautiful Mississippi, looking at the green islands that stand out fresh and lovely in the water, and at the high bluffs on the banks of the river, where the rocks seem like ruined castles, with vines overrunning, and like fortresses, and other works of men's hands, — only they were far more beautiful, because God had placed them there. By and by, we had gone through the broad Lake Pepin, and passed along the narrowest passage of the river, close by the famous Red Wing's grave; and the boat stopped at the village that takes its name from the great Indian chief. The hotel was only a few steps off; and there upon the upper gallery I sat watching the emigrants upon the shore.

It would have amused you to see what they were about next morning, soon after the sun arose.

Dozens of large red trunks, made in the form of an old-fashioned corn-crib, were awaiting transportation inland; and their owners, nearly a hundred people, of both sexes and all ages, were variously occupied. Some old women were cooking oat-meal porridge at a fire made on the stones. The old men were helping the young mothers in the care of their funny-looking little bare-headed babies. A girl went into the water, and took her morning bath; coming out with dripping hair to make her toilet in the sun.

Groups were sitting around their chests, eating bread and drinking coffee. Some men and women were washing; dipping a garment into the water, and beating it with a flat paddle upon a stone. Wasn't that a novel way? They all looked very hopeful, although I dare say their hearts went yearningly back to their fatherland at times. But now and then an ox-cart would come from the great prairies, and a stout teamster would greet merrily some of his countrymen who were going with him to his comfortable farm, until they could themselves purchase land, and build a shelter, and cultivate their own ground.

It did me good to see the *old settlers* greet the newcomers with such a world of content in their manner; as if they said, "This is the land for us! Welcome to the soil that is friendly to a man, and, when he asks bread, will not give him a stone!"

You should look out upon the wheat-fields, if you want to know what plenty means. I was glad for every one who was called away from his work upon the hot, sandy shore, to the green pastures and plentiful fields.

Are not we also waiting, in the sand and heat, for some one to convey us to the better land?

Do we watch for our summons with earnest, glad hearts? and shall we greet the messenger with a

joyous eagerness? Surely, when we remember the green pastures that lie beyond, and our beautiful home that shall be.

Fanfan.

"HE IS SO CUNNING ABOUT IT!"

I have been reading a beautiful little book about "Our Charlie." He was generally a good boy; but he had a notion that he could *almost* disobey his mother without doing wrong. This is what his aunt says about him:—

Charlie's mother did not think it proper for children to eat at all hours of the day. If he was hungry enough to eat plain bread, he was allowed to have it when he chose. At home, she had no trouble on that account; but the mistaken kindness of friends, when she was visiting, annoyed her much.

While making a call at a near neighbor's, one afternoon, Mrs. A. brought a nice piece of cake, and asked his mother if he might have it. She preferred that he should not. When they arrived home, his mother told him he had played enough for that day; and put his hat in the closet, for fear he might forget, and run out. Pretty soon we missed him, and were quite at a loss to account for his absence, as he had not been allowed to go without his hat, and had never done so before.



At length, we discovered the top of a man's hat just above the wall, moving along very slowly. Pretty soon, the little wearer came in sight. He had obtained the coveted piece of cake, and was eating it under difficulties; grandpa's old hat covering his eyes, and coming down just to the tip of his nose. The little fellow stumbled several times, and finally fell: the old hat blew off, and the gold-colored curls danced about like sunshine. He scrambled up, and, taking a huge mouthful of the cake, started for home.

"I wouldn't punish him," said I to his mother; "he is so cunning about it!"

"That is the worst of it," said she quietly.

"But you didn't tell him he shouldn't have it," I persisted.

"That is true," was the calm reply; "but he knew my wishes in regard to it just as well as you did. Mrs. A. did wrong to give it to him; and if I let this cunning little transgressor, as you call him, go on his way unreprieved, how long will it be before he will try again on a larger scale?"

"Where have you been, Charlie?" said his mamma very softly.

"Over to Mrs. A.'s, you see, to get that little piece of cake."

"Where is it?"

"Oh! Charlie *eated* it," looking down on the ground.

"Didn't I tell my little boy not to go out any more to-night?" said mamma seriously.

"Charlie didn't play, mamma. Charlie loves cake. Cake is good: it makes little boys grow big, mamma."

"But what shall mamma do to punish her darling for doing that which he knew she did not wish him to do?"

"I don't know, mamma: God will tell you, if you ask him."

She folded the little one to her bosom, and kissed him tenderly, dropping her face among the sunny hair. I knew she was asking counsel from on high.

Looking up, she said, "Is my darling sorry for what he has done? and will he try to do just as papa and mamma want him to do in future?"

"Charlie is sorry, and he will try hard next time not to eat cake when mamma don't want him to."

"Well, then mamma will forgive you; and, when you say your prayer to-night, you can ask God to forgive you too."

For the Child at Home.

SHARP POINTS TO THE TEMPER.

"Mamma, I wish you would send Mary away. She is a naughty, wicked girl; and I do not love her a bit."

"What has Mary done, my child?"

"She whipped my kitty, and threw her away in the wood-house; and she's a naughty girl. Won't you send her away, mamma?"

"Come here, my daughter: I wish to see you."

"But won't you send Mary away, mamma?"

The mother's arm was soon folded around the excited little child. She well understood both the faithful Irish girl, and the hasty, impulsive, but tender-hearted child, whose love for her petted "kitty" sometimes rendered her quite unreasonable.

"What has kitty been doing, my dear?"

"She only ate a little milk, mamma."

"But where did she find the milk?"

"On the lower shelf in the pantry, mamma; and kitty was very hungry, I know."

"But does my darling think that kitty can be allowed to help herself in this way? Mary did just as mamma would have her do."

"But she *whipped* kitty hard; and I do not love her."

"If kitty were allowed to do so, we should be obliged to have her killed; and we can not make her understand when she does wrong, only by making her suffer. And now tell me, darling, who takes such good care of you when mamma is away? Who cooks such nice things for us to eat, and never complains or finds fault, if she is ever so tired, if my little daughter wishes her to do something for her? Now, my child, you must go and tell Mary that you are sorry you spoke so unkindly to her."

The trembling lip had already shown that she was truly sorry; and away went the penitent child to the faithful "maid of all work," who loved her with all the warmth of a true Irish heart. Soon the mother heard returning steps; and, as the parlor-door opened, the daughter exclaimed, "Dear mamma, my temper has a great many *sharp points*; but they break off very easily!"

Dear little reader, it may be that you have a quiet and gentle temper, while your brother or sister or some playfellow has a very hasty spirit, and that, as in the case of the little animal which we call a hedgehog, the sharp points may sometimes be seen, or at least *felt*, on all sides of them, when they are angry.

But, if you are patient and loving, your little friend will soon be ashamed of his unkindness, and the sharp points will all be broken off. If, on the contrary, your own temper is hasty, and you allow its "sharp points" to make everybody uncomfortable around you, please remember the little girl (for that is a true story which I have told you), and strive to break off at once from every such foolish and wicked practice.

H. D.



For the Child at Home.

THE RED BALL.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Emily Engel leaned from the window, and looked up the street.

High above the people coming and going, the horses and mules and carriages and cars; above the trees which lined the street, and the tall blocks of stores; above the telegraph-wires, the painted Indians which stood as signs at the tobacco-shops, the gilded mortars, and the illuminated clock,—she saw upon a tall pole a large, round, red ball.

After watching for a few moments the busy people hurrying up and down, and the noisy cars and carts so far below her on the paved street, Emily looked steadily up at the red ball. Presently it began to slide down the pole which held it up so high in the air. It ran quickly down to its stopping-place on the roof of the corner jewelry-store, above the great glass clock and the window full of pictures and diamonds and gold and silver cups; and then the bells of the city rang out, the steam-whistles blew, and the sun, which had been climbing higher and higher all the morning, peeped into Emily's bed-room window opening out upon the river.

Forty miles away from the ball was an observatory; and learned men, looking through a telescope there, marked the exact second when the sun was at its meridian, its highest point: and then somebody telegraphed to the man who had the care of the red ball; so at that instant down it fell to tell the people in a city many miles off how to set their watches.

But after the ball had fallen, and the bells had stopped ringing, Emily still leaned her head from the window, kneeling upon a little hassock; and directly she saw her father coming up the street. He always came an hour before dinner: and this was the best part of the day for Emily; for then she was sure to have him all to herself, without even a newspaper in the way. A large hotel seems like a lonesome place for a little girl to live without any mother: but Mr. Engel could not bear to have her away from him; so they boarded together at the Rubicon House; and day-times, while he was at his office, Emily was at school. Being used to this kind of life, she liked it as well as any thing, and was as happy and contented as most little girls.

When Mr. Engel caught sight of the curly head at the third-story window, he smiled, and nodded to it; and, when she heard his step upon the stairs, Emily ran, full of joy, to open the door for him.

It is better than a vase of flowers, a singing-bird, or an open fire, to have a little child ready to welcome one home with smiles and glad words. So Mr. Engel thought; and the deep lines which the cares of business were making in his forehead smoothed

themselves out as he sat down in his easy-chair with his slippers on, and Emily in his lap, with her arms about his neck, and her head on his shoulder.

"I was watching the ball come down just before I saw you, pa. It seems nice to think, that, once a day, everybody knows to a second what time it is," said she. "But I'll tell you what I wish, pa: I wish there was something to tell us just exactly what is right and wrong about things we have to do, as the ball does just exactly when noon comes. There are lots of times that I don't know precisely which is right. Now, to-day, Mabel and Constance were in here; and Mabel got my little chair to sit in. But Constance wanted it. That is the bother when they come: they both always want it; and sometimes I 'most wish I hadn't any, they fuss so. To-day, Mabel got it first; and she wouldn't give it up. It is her birthday; and she said, 'I think you ought to please me on my birthday.' And Constance said, 'Don't you want to be good on your birthday?' It is always so: Constance would make Mabel give up every time if she would; and I don't think she ought to. But yet she ought to be good, as Constance says; and things get so mixed, I don't see how anybody can always tell which is the right way, and which isn't."

"Why, my little daughter," replied Mr. Engel, "we have just what you are wishing for,—something answering to the red ball. The ball doesn't fall every hour in the day,—only at noon; but we have to set our watches by it then, and look to them for the time afterward. And just so, although God doesn't speak out and tell us in plain words what to do in every thing which happens, yet he has given us a sort of noon-mark to set our conscience by; and we are to take that with us to look at all the while. This is it: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' It is not so hard as one is apt to think, to decide by this rule what we ought to do every time; that is, if we really try to."

Emily pressed her face up closer to her father's, and lay thinking how by this rule there would indeed have been no trouble at all about the chair; for if Mabel had left it for Constance, in the first place, Constance would not have teased to get it away from her; until presently the black boy called "Dinner!" through the halls, and her pleasant hour was ended.

She was just going to say, "Oh, dear! how I wish you could come up stairs after dinner!" when she remembered how she disliked to have Susy Savage cry and tease whenever she left her after a visit; and she thought, "It won't be loving my neighbor as myself if I go and plague pa by saying that, just the way I don't like to have Susy speak when I have got to go anyhow."

So, instead of speaking, she smiled up into her father's face, holding tight by his finger, as she ran beside him down to dinner; and this was the way she began to try to set her life by "God's noon-mark."

For the Child at Home.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

"It's all a sham, Dick. You needn't tell me about Frank Scott's being so pious. If you want to go with him, you can; but it's all a sham. He's no better than the rest of us. Talk about 'converts'! Why, I stood at the door of Uncle Jake's store the other day,—it was day before yesterday, I think,—and Joe Bragdon came rushing round the corner, with Frank after him. Frank caught him just there, and gave him the greatest kind of a shaking, and told him, if he ever did that again (I don't know what that was), he'd give him something worse than he ever took before. And then Frank made off, his face as red as a furnace. Converts, indeed! Don't show me any more such!"

"Hold on, Fred. That don't look right, it's true. But I happen to know something more about it. Joe Bragdon had been playing the worst sort of a trick—it was too mean to be called a joke—on that foolish old Norris, and Frank came along right in the midst of it. I wasn't on hand; but the boys that were there say they never saw Frank fire up so quick. That was when he rushed at Joe. And you saw the end of it: no, not the end; for that was Frank's *outside*, and the rest of the story will show you the *inside*. Joe himself told me, that that same afternoon Frank went to him, and said he was sorry he let his temper fly so, and didn't try to smooth it over a bit; but he told Joe he hoped he never would treat old Norris so shamefully again. And Frank did more: he made the same confession to the boys that saw it."

"If Frank did that, Dick, it's fair to allow that it's more than I would have done."

"Let me tell you, too, that Frank has talked like a brother to me. You know he always was quick-tempered,—that's his *outside*, remember,—and he says nothing gives him so much trouble now as that temper of his. He's trying to conquer it, and believes he shall make out yet; for he says he don't trust to himself alone. Frank isn't all *outside*, Fred. He's quick as a flash, I know; but no one knows that better than he, and no one would do a kindness sooner. Now, you see, this fine winter afternoon, when you and I are having it all our own way, coasting, skating, &c., Frank is up to something quite different. Come with me into our yard,—you know there's a high board fence between us and Norris Place,—and I'll show you Frank."



The boys went together. Dick led Fred to a spot where he could look unobserved through the fence. "There he is," said Dick; "at work for old Norris and his mother and sister."

Frank was sawing wood for his poor neighbors; while half-witted Norris amused himself, as a child might, in piling up the sticks like a house, well pleased to have his young friend and champion so near. "He asked me if I would help," continued Dick. "I told him I didn't feel like work to-day, but would do my part some other time; and I mean to. Frank is always looking out to do a good thing for somebody now. He didn't do so once. I've seen more of him than you have, Fred; and I believe he's a changed boy,—changed *inside*; and it's coming out pretty fast too, I think."

"Well, maybe so. I always liked Frank Scott; but I hate a hypocrite, and I thought Christians never got mad."



VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1867.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



FIRST LESSON IN CHARITY.

Do you see what is going on in this picture?

A poor but worthy man has come in, tired and hungry. Though his clothes are old and worn and patched, he is welcomed into the beautiful sitting-room; for he is not a beggar from choice, but God has made him poor; and he can not help it.

And who is it that is giving the weary old man some milk to drink? A chubby little fellow, hardly strong enough to hold the bowl. How frightened he is! But see! he is doing it bravely, after all; for his mother's gentle hand is guiding his, and she is telling him not to be afraid.

Was it not easier for the mother to hand the bowl herself? Oh, yes! but she is teaching her dear little one his *first lesson* in giving to the poor. He was going to drink that nice warm milk himself; but his mother said, "Wouldn't you like to give it to this poor hungry man?" Don't you think it a good way to teach him?

Now, dear children, your parents teach you in the same way a great many times.

Sometimes they give you money, and tell you you may do what you please with it, but that God likes to have you remember the poor. They do not say

you *must* give away some of it; but they try to have you do it yourself. They are helping you and teaching you.

Sometimes, when one of you has been angry with your little brother, your mother takes you in her lap and tells you how you have grieved the Saviour, and that you ought to ask his forgiveness, and then go and speak kindly to your brother, and ask him, too, to forgive you. She is like the good mamma in the picture: she is teaching you, and helping you to do right.

"Well, then, I'll try to learn," I hear you say, "if my father and mother are really trying to teach me to be good. I will be ever so brave, and not afraid to do what they say is right and will please God."

For the Child at Home.

POOR BOYS DON'T NEED SKATES.

In visiting a friend in her splendid new home, we were shown over parlors, library, halls, and chambers, and at last into the room of her little son. It was richly furnished, and adorned with pictures, and every thing else to please a boy. A large closet opened from the room, in which were toys of every description. Among other things, we noticed, hang-

ing from brass hooks on the wall, three nice pairs of skates. Turning to the young gentleman of thirteen years who was following us about, we said, "Whose are all these skates?"

"Mine," he replied.

"But you don't use them all at once?" we said pleasantly.

"Oh, no!" he answered: "two pairs are good for nothing: I have outgrown them."

"What are you keeping them for?"

"Why, they are too good to throw away!" he said in surprise.

"Why don't you give them away?"

"'Cause," he replied, dropping his head, and blushing.

"Oh! because you expect your feet to be small enough to use them again," we said with a smile.

"No; but"—

"Oh! you are keeping them for your little brothers?" we said. Rob was an *only child*.

"No; but they're mine; that's why I keep them," he replied, a little vexed.

"Well, Rob," I said, "I know they are yours, and that they are only in your way, and that you can do as you please with them. Will you give them to me for a poor boy who works all day to help his mother, and who would enjoy skating these moonlight nights?"

"*Poor boys* don't need skates; they han't time to use them," said the little miser; and, as his cheeks crimsoned

with shame, he turned the key, and put it in his pocket, lest the useless skates might be taken away by force.

Now, that was a great mistake the selfish boy made when he thought that poor children need no amusement. They are just like others in their wants and their tastes. They love play quite as well, and need it a great deal more, than those whose parents are able to provide constant pastime for them,—whose whole lives are one long playtime.

So Billy Macduff worked all day in the foundry, and at night stood with his cold hands in his pockets, and looked on while other boys skated,—except when one stopped and loaned him his skates,—while two pairs were rusting on the brass hook in Master Robert's closet. But there was something worse than that going on: Rob's heart was rusting too; and soon it will show to the friends who are neglecting it the rough, unlovely surface which only strangers see now.

In contrast with this selfish child of wealth, we remember a boy, who, when the war came on, felt that he must have a soldier's cap and a drum; little realizing, poor child! the horrors of the battles he was imitating in play. These trifles were his de-

light; but one day a poor laundress came to the house when he was equipped with them, bringing with her a feeble hunch-backed boy to help with the basket. He had heard of little Jimmy before; the poor neighbors all said his deformity had been caused by the abuse of a drunken father, in his infancy. He did not think the unfortunate little dwarf would care at all for play; but when he saw the cap and drum, he whispered almost aloud, as he pulled his mother's skirt, "Oh, if I only could have a *sojer* cap and a drum! I'll carry the basket alone every day, mother, if you'll only buy them."

Off came the cap, and the string that held the drum; and, in another moment, poor Jimmy, arrayed in them, was, in imagination, as brave a soldier as our army boasted. The poor woman asked the lady if she were willing her son should give them.

"Yes, perfectly willing he should *give* them. He must, however, do it from his heart, not expecting money to go out and replace them. That would be my gift, not his," replied the wise mother.

"I want to give them to Jimmy myself," said the good child; and he had his reward when he saw the poor boy clapping his thin little hands, and jumping with joy on the sidewalk. And, for a long time, Jimmy came every day and marched up and down before the windows, with a stick over his shoulder for a gun, to show his gratitude; and the little benefactor felt well repaid for the sacrifice he had made. He was a far happier boy than Rob with his rusty skates.

Remember that poor children need play as well as bread and butter and warm clothing; and any thing which will add to their happiness will be counted to you as a deed of charity.

J. D. C.



For the Child at Home.

THE FUNNY HOUSE.

It was an old felt hat without a crown; and it hung upon the branch of a tree, where somebody had left it long ago as useless.

There came a young couple, house-hunting, one day in the spring of the year; and, as they espied the old hat, they said to each other, "This is just the thing." So they took possession at once; and a very beautiful home they thought it, with the bower of green leaves spread over it, and the sweet, pink blossoms shedding perfume around.

It was the pretty little house-wren and his wife that had the good fortune to find the old hat and appropriate it. These little birds make their nest in our gardens and orchards, in the hollow of a tree, or in little boxes that kindly people put out for them, or under the eaves of a house or barn, or in the pocket of a broken-down carriage; wherever there is a secure shelter. They live in the central districts of our Atlantic coasts, and in the Middle States and Maryland. So says Mr. Audubon, that great ornithologist, who studied the homes and habits of the birds for many years. They return again to their nest, loving the old home. They hate cats, and will follow them and scold.

There is one thing I do not quite like in them; that is, that they make war upon the martin and

the bluebird, and steal their nests for themselves. There is this virtue in them, however; if they are conquered, they sing away as merrily as if they themselves were victors.

It is a great merit to be cheerful when we are defeated. But about my old hat: The little couple went to work with a will, and gathered dry twigs, and interwove them, and lined their nest with grasses and feathers; and by and by there were six little eggs in it, of a pale reddish color; and mother-wren brooded over them, while father-wren sat upon the rim of the old hat, singing as sweetly as he could.

One day, father-wren sang louder and sweeter than ever; for three little baby-wrens were chirping in the nest, and the mother was as proud as could be. She flew away to get them some dinner; and they made as great a fuss over the bugs and worms that she brought as you or I would do over the nicest of feasts. To be sure they did; for that is God's provision for them; and they lift up their heads at every mouthful, as if to give thanks to him. Do you remember to thank him when you partake of his bounty?

The last I saw of my little housekeepers, the mother was feeding two little ones in the nest, and the father was singing close by; and the third little baby had crept to the edge of the old hat to look out upon the world. I wonder if they were just as happy and contented when they grew older, and plumed their wings, and flew away from their early shelter, and made homes for themselves, perhaps grander homes, under the eaves of some fine stone mansion.

I can tell you this one thing, dear children. The spirit of joy and content must be in our hearts, and then it does not so much matter where we live. We shall sing away merrily, and give thanks, wherever it may please God to cast our lot. Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

PRAYERS FOR LITTLE ONES.

MORNING.

Thou hast brought me through the night
Safe from sleep to morning light;
I will lift mine eyes above,
Thank Thee for Thy care and love.

From Thy pure and lofty height,
From Thy home of love and light,
Wilt Thou look on me, and bless?
Thou art full of tenderness.

Let Thy wings o'er me be spread;
Let me from Thy hand be fed;
Guide me, guard me, through the day,
From the evils on the way.

From all danger, from all sin,
Thou canst keep me pure within.
Make me humble, gentle, mild;
Thou wilt call me, then, Thy child.

EVENING.

Thou hast kept me through the day
Safe from dangers on the way;
Now I sink to slumber deep,
Wilt Thou guard me while I sleep?

And forgive each act and word
Sinful in thy sight, O Lord!
Give to me a humble mind;
Let me be to others kind.

Bless the friends so dear to me;
Keep them ever close to Thee;
Thou canst give them as they need;
For Thy mercy's great indeed.

Katherine.

For the Child at Home.

"DO LET ME PRAY."

It was past midnight, when the fire-alarm sounded over the city, and in a short time a large building was in flames. Near the burning warehouse was the home of one of my little friends. The fire burned rapidly; and though the firemen were promptly at the spot, and worked with their accustomed energy,

it seemed likely, that, before their efforts should be successful, several of the adjoining buildings would be destroyed.



The parents of little C— were up, and watching anxiously; when the flames burst out so near to their dwelling, that they felt that there would scarcely be time to remove their household goods before the fire would be upon them; and the father at once commenced the work. This daughter was a Sabbath-school girl; and in her class, as well as at home, she had learned of the Saviour; and I believe she truly loved him, and knew the value of prayer. When she saw the danger, she instantly dropped on her knees to pray. Her father saw it; and in the excitement of the moment, though a Christian man, he spoke out quickly, "My child, there is no time for this now! We can't stop for this!"

"Do, father, let me pray!—please let me pray, father!" pleaded the child, lifting her tearful eyes to him.

"I could not withstand that," said her father to me afterward. "I let her pray."

In a few simple words, the little girl besought the Saviour to take care of them and their dwelling, and not suffer them to be burned; and then she rose from her knees, satisfied and happy. The father went on with his work; but before the fire reached their dwelling, though it came very near, it was subdued by the firemen, and their home was safe.

God answers the prayers even of his little ones; and if we "ask, and receive not," it is either because we ask "amiss,"—in a wrong way,—or because he sees that a better answer to our prayer can be given than that for which we had looked.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

THE SEED-PEAS.

Ho! all ye little boys and girls who have breakfast, dinner, and supper every day of every year during your whole lives, and who never were once really hungry, listen a moment to me. I want to tell you about a little boy who was so hungry, he didn't know what to do; and was glad, oh, so glad! to find a few seed-peas which his mother had stowed away for safe keeping. A teacher down South told me the story.

"I had a nice little girl in my school, by the name of Judith," said she; "and at one time I missed her from the class. Three days she was away; and I began to ask of one and another, 'Where is Judith?'—'Her mammy's sick,' at last said one of the children; 'and I reckon that's why she don't come.'—'Where do they live?' I asked. 'Down in Gum Hollow,' was the answer. When school was out, I

started straight for Gum Hollow. The place was about a mile out of town; and what a wretched spot! It was indeed a hollow, a sort of swamp, which, about half the year, was covered with water. A few scraggy gum-trees were growing there, which gave the spot its name; and a few shabby cabins had been built up there, inhabited by colored people. Only the most wretchedly poor lived in this miserable place. I found Judith and her mother in a pen: it was truly a pen, not any larger, nor half so nice, as some pig-pens I have seen at the North. And here I saw a sight I wish I could describe. But I am sure I can give you very little idea of the filth and misery. The poor mother was sick with rheumatism ('How could she help having rheumatism in that place?' I thought), and was lying on a heap of dirty straw in one corner, groaning and shrieking with pain. She had three children, — a year-old baby, who was grubbing about like a pig on the ground (for the hut had no floor), a boy about seven, and Judith, my little scholar. And this child (she was only nine years old) had to take care of all the rest, and do all there was to be done in their poor home. I don't know what they lived on; for I could see nothing that looked like food around. While I was there surveying the misery, I heard some rather loud words outside, and then a sharp, piteous, grieved cry, that made my heart ache. 'What have you done to him, Judith?' I asked, calling her. 'Oh, miss!' said she, 'I couldn't help scolding him; for you see he has gone and ate up all our seed-peas; and what shall we do for planting? But I'm sorry I did; for he was so hungry!' I found the poor little fellow hadn't had a morsel to eat for nearly two days; and he couldn't stand it any longer: so he clambered up to a shelf, where was an old broken cup with a few dry peas in it. It was hard eating enough, one of our Northern children would have thought: but this child was ravenous as a half-starved pig, and didn't mind what it was, so long as he could bite it; and down he sat on the ground to eat his seed-peas, when Judith found him, and took away the cup with the few that remained. The child's heart was almost broken. It made me cry to see the tears run down his cheeks, and to hear his sad wail. You may think I went home as fast as my feet would carry me, and got some nice sweet pilot biscuit for the poor children to eat. I wanted to see them satisfied before I could do any thing for the sick mother."

Now, little boys and girls, do you think to thank God every morning and evening that you have enough to eat? Do it the very next time you pray, will you? Why has God given you a plenty of every thing? Are you any better than others? No; but for his mercy's sake he has given you so many blessings, and you must never fail to thank and love him for his goodness. And why do you think God permits so many people to be poor? It is to give us a chance to divide his good gifts with them; to make us merciful and generous. Are you doing any thing to help the hungry boys and girls? Think of the pennies you spend in candy and peanuts, in blubbers and balloons, in tops and balls. If you were to save them all in a box, don't you think you would have quite a pile by the end of the month? Try it. Make a bag, and hang it up in your room, and call it the Gift Bag, as some little children do that I know. Drop into it all the pennies you get, instead of spending them for your own pleasure, and then give them to some poor child to buy food with. Would it not make you ever so much happier than you are now? Try it for a year, and see.

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

HELPING THE WEARY.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

An old man had been at work all day in a field, gathering the stones into heaps. He had taken off his coat when he began to work; and now, when it was time to go home, it lay in a distant part of the field. John Murray, a lad about ten years of age, as he was passing, stopped for a moment, and looked at the old man. He saw that he was very much fatigued. "Mr. Balis," said he, "may I go and get your coat for you?"

"What for?" said the old man.

"Because I thought you looked tired, and you have a long way to go before you get home."

"Then you want to help a poor man. You must be a good boy, and must have a good mother. You may run and get my coat. You will save me a good many steps."

John ran for the coat. He was not long in bringing it to the owner. As they were going in the same direction, they walked along together.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Balis, "I could run as fast as you can, and was about as bright and happy as you are."



"That was a great while ago."

"Yes, it was a great while ago."

"Would you like to be a boy again?"

"I don't know that I would. I was quite a happy boy; but I have had a great deal of trouble as a man. But I was going to tell you about a boy that treated a poor weary man in a very different way from yours. There was an old man going along the road, with a basket of potatoes on his back. He was very feeble, and stooped very low under his burden. A mischievous boy took a heavy stone, and went up softly behind him, and put it on the top of the potatoes. He thus added to the load of the weary man."

"He was a mean fellow."

"He wasn't a good boy, and he didn't turn out well."

"How long did the old man carry the stone before he found it out?"

"Not long; for another boy ran and told him, and took the stone out of the basket."

"He ought to have thrashed the boy that put it in."

"He hadn't any right to do that. He told the boy he should tell his father; and he did so."

"Did his father whip him?"

"No: he only smiled, and said his boy did not mean any harm. It was done for fun. Boys do a great many things for fun which make others very uncomfortable. I like to see boys enjoy themselves; I like to see them have their fun: but they should be careful not to enjoy themselves at the expense of the happiness of others. There is more happiness to be

gained by making others happy than by making them unhappy."

"What became of the boy who put the stone in the basket?"

"He grew up in idleness, and then set up a grocery, which was more of a grog-shop than any thing else. He became a drunkard in the end."

For the Child at Home.

THE LOST CHILD.

A child of only four years took it into her little head to run away from home one day. About an hour had passed before she was missed; but at last the quiet about the house caused wondering voices to exclaim, —

"Where's Clara?" "Have you seen Clara lately?"

"In the graveyard!" suggested one and another. The village graveyard was close by the parsonage garden, and she often went there to gather flowers and grasses.

The mother was a little anxious; and, peering over the fence, she called, "Clara, Clara!" There was no response: so she turned sadly away, thinking that her little daughter had been disobedient; and, children,

you can not know how sad it makes a mother to have a disobedient child. Just then, the bell rang, and a caller prevented the mother from going after the little one: but, as soon as the last words were said, she hastily snatched her hat and shawl, and searched near the house; but the missing child was not to be seen. One and another had seen her venturing farther from home than usual, and, asking if she was lost, received from the rosy lips a bright "No, sir," and left her to wander farther away. She did not return; and another member of the family went the shorter rounds of the village, and rushed back, asking, "Has she come?"

At last, the father came from his study, weary, and ready for dinner; but, although it was all smoking for the table, no one could eat until the

wanderer was found: so he started upon a larger circuit.

While he was away, a little voice from the street fell upon the watching mother's ears, singing high and shrill, —

"We're coming, blessed Saviour;
We're coming, coming, coming!" —

and she hastened out, and met at the gate the warmest, reddest, dirtiest little face she had seen for a long time, — the hat on the back of her head, and her arms filled with all sorts of dried twigs and wilted leaves.

She was taken in, washed, combed, and rebuked for her naughtiness. The dinner was rather a sober one; and afterwards, when her papa took her in his lap, and asked, —

"Did you think of how your mamma would feel while you were off so long, Clara?"

"No, papa: I didn't think of her once, at all."

There was the secret. Ah! my dear children, you are wanderers from God until he comes after you through the dear Saviour! If you do not love him, you are lost, — lost on the mountains of sin; soiled and stained with sin; weary with its bitter march; your arms filled with worthless baubles: and God, your Father, is forgotten; you never once think of him. But he calls you to come early to him; Jesus comes after you, and pleads for your love; the Holy Spirit is ready to make the way plain and easy.

You sometimes, if you are Sabbath-school children, sing, as did the little girl I have told you of, those sweet songs of heaven and Christ, but without mean-



VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1867.

NO. 5.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

"MAMMA, oh! I've seen *such* a pretty bird! just as yellow as he can be; only he has a little black on him. And he sings too. He's the bird for me! He's the best bird of all!"

"Why, sister Emma, how can you say so?" says little Johnny, "when there's our dear old robin, that wakes us up every morning, singing and singing and singing ever so loud out on the cherry-tree? You oughtn't to like any bird better than old robby."

"Unless it is the bluebird," chimes in Mary, "because he comes first in the spring; and he's pretty too; and uncle Thomas says he's a real little warbler."

"I like the sparrow best," says Freddy, "'cause — 'cause he's in the Bible; isn't he, mamma?"

"In the Bible!" the rest shouted all at once with a laugh, as if Freddy had done a very foolish

thing; but mamma only smiled, and said, —

"God made all the birds, and gave them their beautiful colors and sweet voices, whether they are spoken of in the Bible or not. But I am a good deal of Freddy's mind, after all. I feel a peculiar interest in some of the birds mentioned in the Bible. Who can tell what the Bible says about sparrows?"

"I can," says Freddy; "but I won't, 'cause they laughed at me."

"You must forgive them, my child, and do just as if they hadn't laughed at you. Now let us hear your verse."

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father's?"

"How beautifully, children, does this show the care of God for us all! He notices the fall of even

a little bird like the sparrow. Can either of you repeat the next two verses?"

"But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows."

"I know a verse that has 'sparrow' and 'swallow' in it too."

"Well, we'll hear Johnny's verse."

"Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, — even thine altars, O Lord of hosts! my King and my God."

"But, mamma, *isn't* the robin in the Bible?"

"No, my dear; neither the robin, nor the bluebird, nor the yellow-bird; because, you know, the Bible was written in Eastern countries, where the people did not see just the same birds that we do. But there are some very interesting things in the Bible about birds. When I see a bird nestling down in its little home of moss and sticks and grass, softly lined with hair, I think of what a certain wonderful homeless person said, —

"The foxes have holes —"

"I know it," breaks in Emma's voice; "'and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"The way to feel is to be sorry for our sins, and then He will not have come to earth and suffered in vain. Does our Saviour say any thing else about birds?"

"Oh, yes, mamma! he says, when the mustard-seed grows up to be a tree, the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches; and he says the kingdom of heaven is like a mustard-seed."

"Perhaps we have talked long enough now; but there is one passage in the Bible that none of you have thought of. It is the only one where the *singing* of birds is mentioned; and there is something in it, also, about spring. Emma may read it from the Song of Solomon, second chapter, eleventh and twelfth verses; —

"For, lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle-[dove] is heard in our land."

For the Child at Home.

THE BABY.

On the bank of the river, at morning gray,
Among the rushes the baby lay:
The crocodile swam and the serpent crept
Near the ark where the beautiful baby slept;
And the king, who lived by the River Nile,
Was cruel and fierce as the crocodile.

But, away in a cottage low and dim,
The mother was praying with tears for him:
And the glorious God, who is everywhere,
Watched over the baby, and heard the prayer;
So he sent the princess that way just then,
And she gave the mother her baby again.

U. L.



For the Child at Home.

TAKE UP THE CROSS.

I'll take my cross, and follow thee;
But oh! my blessed Lord,
The cross shall not a burden be
While thou dost strength afford:
I'll bear it with a holy joy,
In thy dear footprints tread,
While glory from the opening sky
Falls softly round my head.

Asham'd with thee the cross to bear?
O Son of God! forbid:
Why should I not with boldness dare
To walk where thou hast led?
What buffeting and cruel scorn
Didst thou endure for me!
And is the crown without a thorn
My heritage to be?

I take it from thy bleeding hand;
I hold it, and am held;
And follow at thy sweet command,
By this dear symbol sealed,
Thy scholar and thy child to be,
Thy servant and thy friend.
Oh gracious gift and mystery,
Which both in one can blend!

Now let me welcome pain and loss,
And smile at pain and grief,
And, though I faint beneath the cross,
Wait meekly for relief.
The oil of gladness on thy brow
Was poured, O Holy One!
Anoint me, Jesus, even now,
Like thee my course to run.

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

THE MORNING-GLORIES.

BY ELIZABETH GREENLEAF.

Henry was tired, — tired of watching the chickens, running after butterflies, and picking flowers in the meadow. So the little boy sat on the steps of his papa's house, with his chubby hand clasping some daisies, which the hot sun was fast withering.

He sat there quietly so long a time, his mamma thought he must be in mischief; so she left her work and went softly toward him, and smiled at the pretty picture he made; then returned without disturbing him.

Soon Henry came slowly in, and said, "Mamma, why don't that bunch of green leaves grow up beside the wall with its little sisters? and why don't it blossom?" at the same time pointing to a clump of morning-glory stems far out on the lawn, that were twining around the grasses for support.

Mamma explained to him that the seed was sometimes carried by the wind or birds, and dropped on the ground.

"But who covers it up and waters it, as you do the seeds you sow?"

Then she took Henry on her knee, and told him how the kind Father, who took care of him, remembered the flowers too; and that we ought to believe he would think of us, since he cared so much even for the plants.

After saying his evening prayer, Henry told his mamma he should call them God's flowers, and should run to see them early, as he did the others.

Next morning, with a bright, smiling face, and with neatly-brushed hair, the little boy went out to see what buds had opened during the night. He had scarcely reached the door before he came running back to the breakfast-room, calling out, "God's

flowers are blossomed! God's flowers are blossomed! And he didn't forget them; did he, mamma?"

And glistening in the dew and sunshine were the blue and white cups, adorning the weeds that had served as trellises for them; and perhaps their mission had been to teach little Henry Malcolm God's tender care over all the work of his hands.

For the Child at Home.

MY TAME SPARROW.

Would the children like to have me tell them about a little chipping-sparrow that became very tame one summer? You know, I suppose, what a chipping-sparrow is. It is a brown little bird that comes hopping about your door in the spring-time in search of food, and says, "Chip, chip, chip." I am very sure you have noticed it.

Sometimes these birds build their nests quite near the house. This dear little bird that I am going to tell you about made its nest close by our door, where we were passing in and out a dozen times a day or more. It was in an old peach-tree which shaded the door, and so low down that we could reach the nest with our hands without any trouble.

Although it took a great deal of time and patience to make the nest, yet, by and by, it was finished with the help of another little bird; and, in a few days, we found there were five little eggs in the nest; and soon we noticed that the bird did not fly away from the nest as usual, but kept sitting there all day long, and day after day, until we thought it must be hungry.

So, every day, I threw crumbs into its nest for it to eat. At first, it seemed frightened, and would not touch the food; but, before long, it began to watch for my coming, and caught the crumbs in its little mouth as I threw them to it, and seemed to be very thankful for them.

One day I went to the nest, and there were five little mites of birds with great-broad bills.

Oh! you would have been pleased to see them, I know. "Now," thought I, "birdie will like to be fed; for it has five mouths to feed besides its own." So, three or four times a day, I stood in the door, and threw crumbs into the nest; and birdie would take them, and drop them into the wide-opened bills of the hungry little ones.



One day, instead of throwing the crumbs into the nest, I put my hand quite near it; and birdie came and stood on my hand, and ate some of the crumbs, and some it carried to the nest for its little offspring.

By and by, all I had to do was to go to the doorway; and, as soon as birdie saw me and the open hand, he would fly to me, and light on the palm of my hand with his little feet. I wish you could have felt those little feet in your hand; but he would not fly to any other person.

At one time, I went to the door for another purpose, not thinking any thing about birdie; and, to my surprise, it came flying toward me for its crumbs. You don't know how sorry I felt that I

had none with me; but, the next time, birdie was not disappointed. Do you not love little birds? and would you not like to tame one? Perhaps you can. They learn to love the one that feeds them. But it takes a good while to make them tame; and I suppose some would give up in despair.

It is just so with forming right habits. Good feelings fly away like wild birds, and we have to patiently strive to bring them back again. Oh, how much patience God has with us in trying to bring us to love him! Is it not strange that we forget the hand that feeds and clothes us every day?

P. H. J.

For the Child at Home.

THE FUNNY PICTURE.

"Father, what is this funny picture in your 'Sabbath at Home'? Why, it's a dolly, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, and I could tell you a long story about it if I had time. That is the picture of a doll which was taken out of the Catacombs at Rome, — dark, underground places, where one might travel days and weeks in narrow paths, and never see the light.

"Here, many hundred years ago, the Christians lived. The cruel emperor, Nero, hated them, and persecuted them, so that they fled for their lives to the Catacombs. They did not dare to show themselves above ground. Here they had their homes and their places of worship, and here they buried their dead. People who visit the Catacombs, groping their way by the light of torches, see thousands and thousands of tombs with short but precious inscriptions on them, telling how the one who was buried there died in peace."

"This doll was taken out of the tomb of a child, where dear parents had put it to rest beside their darling. The little body had all crumbled to dust; but the dear one's plaything was left, to remind us of the little Christian children that used to love to play with their dollies, even in their dreary homes under ground. My darling must be thankful that she lives in a Christian land, where no one is thus persecuted for loving Jesus."

Lisp.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE MICHAEL, THE STREET-SINGER.

The pitiless storm rattled our shutters, and the window-frames clattered in the cold blast. Pelting snow and hail swept against the glass; and we thanked God that our little ones, and big ones too, were all safely housed this bitter night. Tea was over, and great and small were grouped about the bright fire to enjoy the warmth and cheerful glow.

"Now, papa, tell us a story," said Maggie, who was curled up like a kitten on grandpapa's knee. But, before the story began, our ears were listening to sweeter words. A small, muffled voice seemed to be borne in on the blast: —

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand."

"Who is it?" said papa.

"Not I," said every little one; while the next lines were heard: —

"A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

"We must find the singer," said I: so the little ones huddled up to grandpapa, while papa and I went in search of the wee small voice.

We were soon led to the spot. In the vestibule, between the outer and inner door, stood a boy as white as the snow-flakes that covered his ragged clothing.

"What brings you here this awful night, my boy?"

"Me father, sir."

"And what brings your father?"

"Drink, sir."

"Where is your father, boy?"

"Just without, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Me name is Mike Malarny, sir."

"And where did you learn your songs?"

"To the brown meeting-house school, sir."

"But, Michael, you look tired and cold. Come in and get warm by the fire," said I.

"Oh, ma'am! fire is not for the like of me; for I'll not be let. My father's waitin' for the money, sir."

We opened the door; and there, like a bad spirit, stood Michael's drunken father, leaning on the door-post.

"Your little boy seems tired and faint to-night," said my husband.

"Oh! not a haper he isn't, sir. He's a fine singer, sir; and we must be makin' our rounds to-night."

"How far is your round?"

"About two miles more, sir."

"How much do you make on your round?"

"Sometimes a few shillins, and sometimes a dollar, sir; but, when the weather be bad, we gets the more: for the folks has feelins for the lad, sir; he is such a foine singer, he is, sir."

"But," I exclaimed indignantly, "Michael can't go that far this bad night; for the fever is in his cheek now, and his strength is gone."

"Ah, but he'll not fail yit; for I'm bound for the money; and at the end he'll get his hot drink, and forgit all his troubles till the sun shines out again."

But poor Michael had sunk on the cold marble floor, faint and weary.

"Now, my man, I'll make a bargain with you," said my husband. "Leave little Michael with us till to-morrow; and, when you are sober, I'll see what can be done for you. It will kill the boy to take him out again into the storm; and we will feed and warm him here."

It required a long talk with Michael's drunken father to make him believe that he was wearing the boy's life away in the exposure; but at last the poor drunkard yielded to our wishes, and tottered off.

We raised the child, and took him to the fireside. All the little ones were eager to welcome him; but the little singer was too much exhausted to see or know where he was. A bed was placed by the fire; and Michael's cold limbs were chafed by loving hands, and his tired head was laid on little Willy's pillow. The lips were still; and the tired hands hung down, unable to move; but as the children offered kind attention, and whispered sweet words, a smile of gratitude beamed on his face.

"Don't be an angel tite 'et," said Baby Willy; but Michael's eyes were looking beyond our circle to the brighter home above, where Jesus' arms are a rest for the friendless, and God is the Father of all.

"I want to be an angel," whispered the cold little lips. And Michael's prayer was heard; for his sweet, gentle eyes closed upon this world, and opened in the presence of heaven, to sing praises to God in the highest, world without end. No one ever came to ask for Michael; and a mother's soft touch was the last one that ever passed over the form of the baby singer.

For the Child at Home.

LUCY'S ANSWER.

A Sunday-school teacher was telling her infant-class, one Sabbath, about Enoch; and, as the story progressed, their faces became very animated. There were Lucy, Kate, Mary, Eddie, Susie, and her little brother Charlie, who had just commenced go-

ing to Sabbath school. Whenever they had recited their lessons well, they were sure to hear a story; and sometimes one of the class wanted to tell one, or repeat the verses about Moses. They could tell all the words of the Ten Commandments without a mistake. Then they had such nice books too, with so many pictures which their teacher explained to them, that they thought themselves a very happy little class; as indeed they were.

On the Sunday I am writing of, after the story of Enoch was nearly finished, their teacher told them that St. Paul said Enoch pleased God, and asked them how they could please him in all they did. Some answered, "I must do right;" but Lucy said, "I must mind my mother, and take care of the baby."

She thought of what she was told to do every day, and was right.

Yes, if we try to do the duties nearest us in a cheerful spirit, believing God has given them to us and will assist us, we shall surely please him.

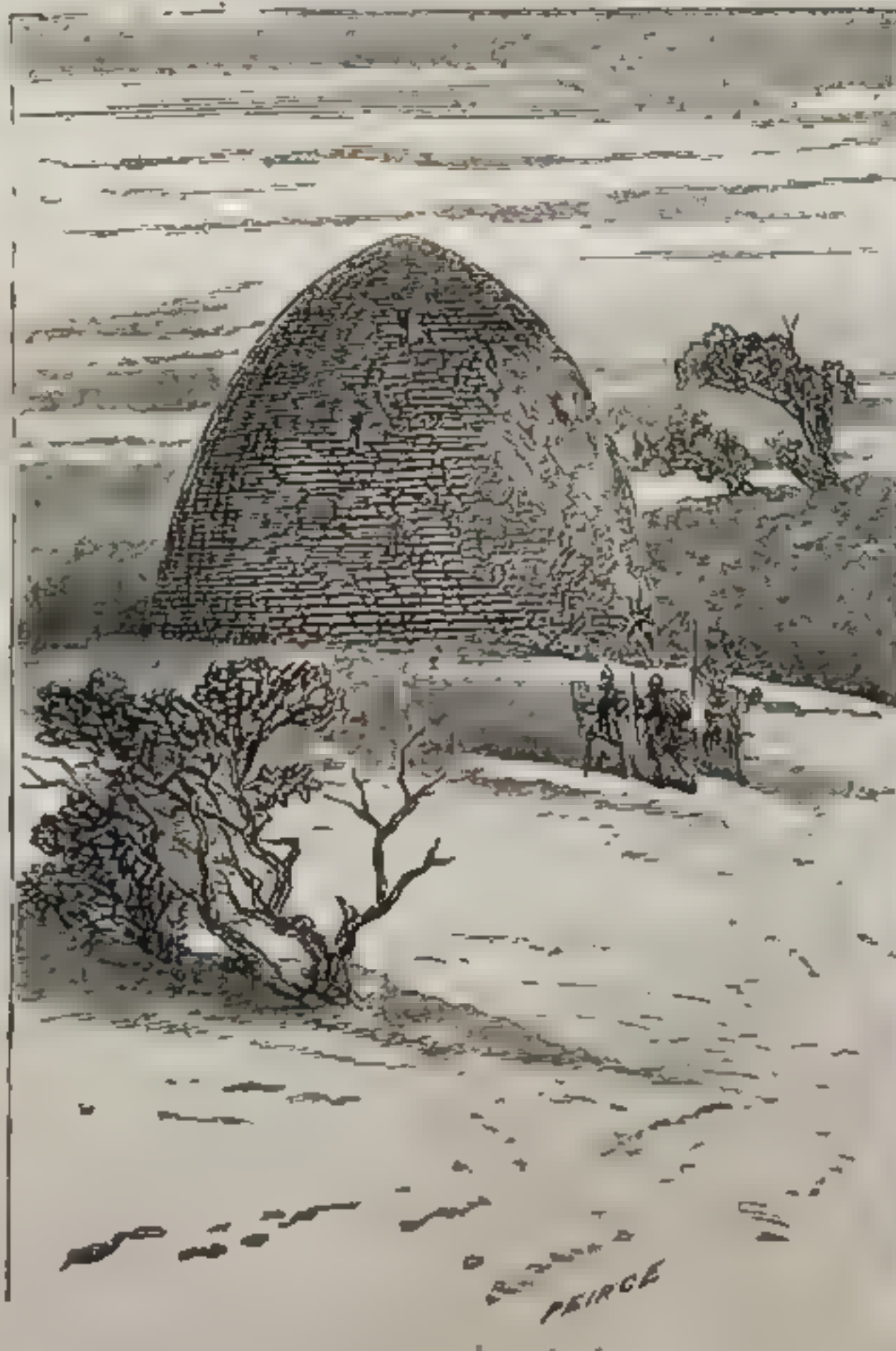
E. P.

For the Child at Home.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Now, all know what it is, and how difficult to obey. I want to tell you a story from history, that illustrates it. It really occurred about two hundred and fifty years ago.

The Moors, who were Mohammedans, had, in their warfare with the Portuguese Christians, taken twenty-five prisoners, and put them in a sort of dungeon.



This prison-house was built partly under the ground, and partly above. It was conical in form (you know what that is; circular at the bottom, running up into a point), and there was no light, except what came from a glass window at the top; and no air, except through little holes here and there at the sides. The prisoners were all men who had been fighting the Moors in order to release others of their countrymen who were in bondage; and, while battling for this, had themselves been deprived of their liberty.

Their dungeon was upon a sandy desert, where the hot breath parched them, and made them sigh still more for their beautiful home by the ocean-side, and for the delicious fruits of their native land.

One day, there was a stir in the prison. Some one had come with gold, — the price of one man's ransom.

What a flutter it made in the hearts of the prisoners! Who among them was to see once more the faces that he loved, and tread again his native soil?

On the ground lay a sick youth, who had pined day and night for his mother and sisters, and for the white cottage by the sea, with the vines clustering over the door, and the greensward running down to

the water's edge. His eyes grew wild with hope as he saw the messenger, and he almost felt as if he could leap to his feet; but it was not for him the ransom had come. It was for a priest, who was one of the prisoners, and whose friends had sent a large sum for his release.

What do you think this good man did? By God's grace only could we hope to be like him. He put away the thought of his own freedom, and gave the gold for the sick boy's ransom.

And time and again was money sent to release him; yet not until every one of his fellow-prisoners was redeemed did he accept a glorious liberty.

Was not this a strict obedience to the injunction, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you"?

You will be sorry to know, that, in two weeks after this good priest was restored to his friends, he died from the disease begotten in the foul dungeon; but you must remember that what we call death is to the children of God but another release from prison. They no longer inhabit this contemptible tenement of clay, but are taken up to the light and blessedness of paradise, where there shall no torment touch them.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

"GOD BLESS AUNT LILLIE."

Bertie is a bright, happy little boy, only three years old. Everybody loves little Bertie; for no one can help it, he has such sweet, winning ways, and is so pleasant and loving toward all about him.

One night, he knelt down as usual by his mother's side to offer his evening prayer. When he had finished, as she supposed, she told him that she was ready to put him into bed; but he seemed unwilling to rise, insisting that there was something else that he wished to ask for, and he must say his prayers over again. The little fellow was very tired and sleepy, and his mother thought he had better go to bed at once; but he began to cry, and still kept his position upon his knees, saying that he wanted to say something more. So his kind mother waited, and let him pray all over again. This time his prayer was the same as before; only he added, "God bless Aunt Lillie." He then arose with a happy, smiling face, and, without another word, allowed his mother to place him in bed.

When Bertie's auntie, who was a great many miles away, heard of his little prayer, she could not refrain from dropping upon her knees, and praying God to bless Bertie too. Thus a new bond of love and sympathy has been formed; for now Aunt Lillie can't forget, whenever she kneels in prayer, to beseech God's loving care and watchfulness over the dear little boy.

A short time after this, Aunt Lillie wrote the little fellow a letter all for himself, directing it to "Master Bertie F. C." Perhaps the little boys and girls who read this may like to know what she said to him. This is the letter:—

"MY DEAR LITTLE BERTIE, — Although you are far, far away, I feel as if I wanted to write to you, and tell you how happy it made me to hear that you asked God to bless Aunt Lillie. I am so glad that you are learning to ask God for just those things which you want! He will hear your prayers, little Bertie; and you should always tell him when any thing troubles you, or when you want him to take care of you, and your dear father and mother, and sister Jennie, and darling little baby-brother Wal-lie.

"Every night, when you lie down to sleep, God will watch over and take care of you if you ask



VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1867.

NO. 6.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

THOSE children who love to repeat verses from the Bible (and I hope you all do), will find, somewhere in the Second Epistle to Timothy, a long verse which speaks of "life and immortality."

The youngest of you may think that immortality is a long and hard word. Never mind; it has a meaning. It means *living for ever*. Jesus Christ has taught us all about this. No one understood it before.

Look at this picture, and see what queer and foolish ideas the people of Egypt had, at the time when Moses lived there, about the soul, and how it would be after death.

About a thousand years before the time of Christ, there lived an Egyptian priest name Pa-khra-tha-raubsh. He was a heathen, and used to offer incense in a temple of the moon at Thebes.

When he died, his body was embalmed; that is, prepared with spices and fragrant gums in such a way that it would not decay, and turn to dust. Many linen bandages were wrapped around; and between them were put the gold rings and chains that he used to wear, and pieces of Egyptian paper on which his name was written, and pictures painted to show the history of the soul after it left the body.

"What made them do so?"

They were trying to help this priest to get "life and immortality." They thought, I suppose, that, if his body was preserved, his soul would return to the earth again after many, many years, and live again in the same body. But let me go on with my story.

After the mummy (for this is what the embalmed body is called) was finished, they put around it a pasteboard case, and painted upon this a likeness of the dead priest. Then they put this into another case of wood; and it is a picture of that outside mummy-case that you see on this page.

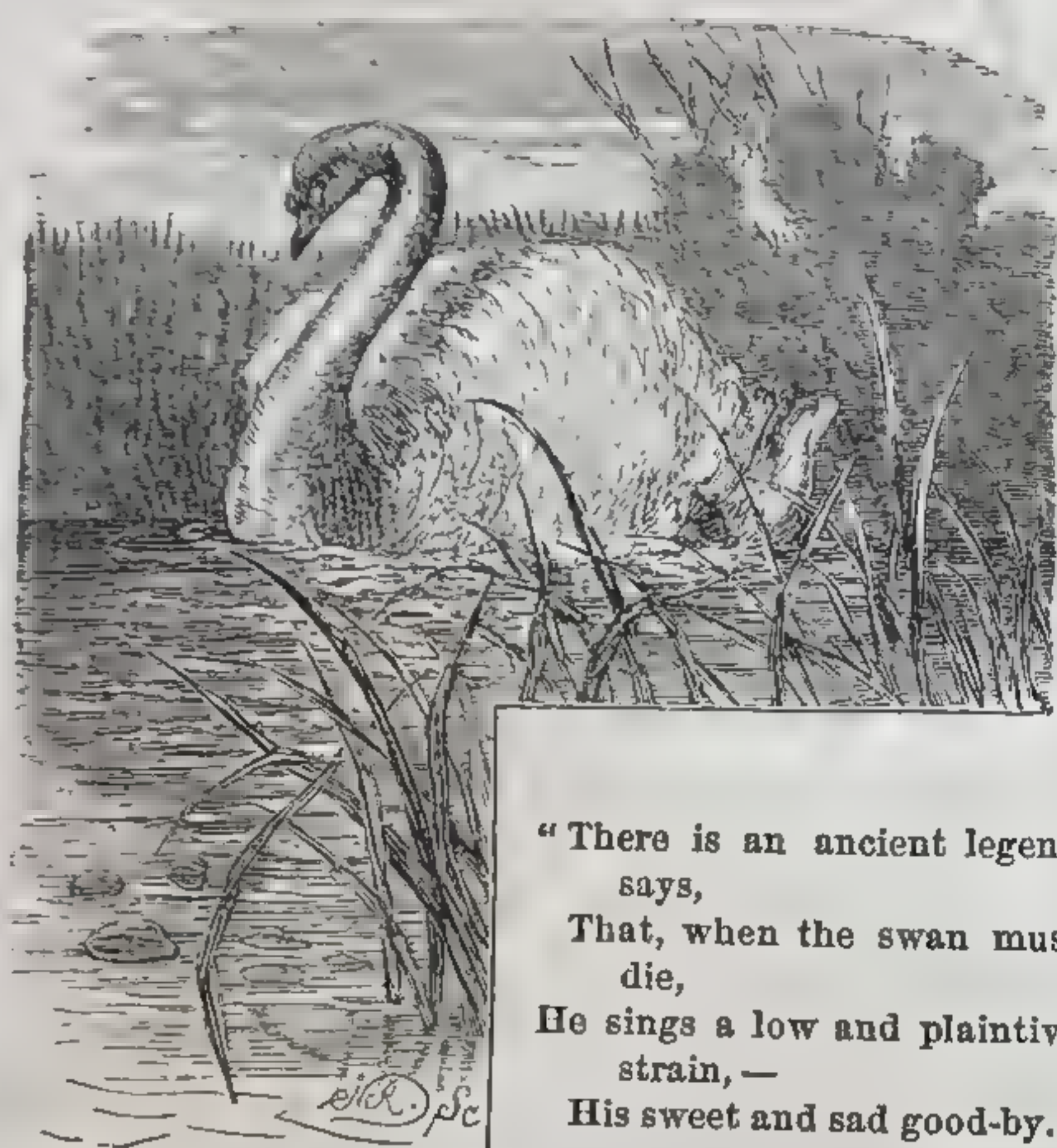
The whole has been kept, with its colors still bright, for almost three thousand years; so that we have the very name of the one whose body is within it.

"What do all these odd pictures mean?"

They are odd enough, truly. You see, in one place, the head of a hawk on the body of a man; in another, the head of a monkey, a lion, or a jackal; but almost all these figures represent false gods. On the throat is a sacred bird,—the ibis. Below the collar and bracelets is a picture of the sun as a hawk flying, and below this is what is meant for the judgment-scene. Do you see any thing there that looks like such a solemn scene? The one who is stretching out his hand over four small figures is addressing the Judge of the dead, and introducing the soul of the dead man, whom he holds by the other hand.

Oh, how little they knew about a future life! The youngest Christian child knows more of God than the wisest heathen that ever lived. Christ "hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." We know that it is not necessary to

keep the body from turning to dust: for Christ can make it alive again; and, if we love him, he will make it beautiful like his own glorious body.



"There is an ancient legend says,
That, when the swan must die,
He sings a low and plaintive strain,—
His sweet and sad good-by.

Let us so live, that, when death comes,
We shall not fear to die,
But, full of faith, resign our souls
Unto the Lord on high."

For the Child at Home.

A PITY TO HAVE AN EMPTY SEAT.

A few weeks ago, a gentleman was obliged to go to a distant *dépot* at an hour when there was no conveyance thither. So, although very weary, and not strong, he was obliged to set out on a walk of two or three miles. After he had gone a little way, he was overtaken by a gentleman and a little boy in a carriage. The fine horse was at once reined in, and his owner said with a smile, "I presume, sir, you are going but a short way; but this little fellow insists on my asking you to ride with us. I told him I had no doubt you were going to the first station: but he said, 'The gentleman's a stranger, father; it is very easy to ask him. It always seems to me such a pity to ride with an empty seat!'"

Now, that ride, which cost the gentleman neither money, time, nor trouble, was a real blessing to a weary minister of Christ; and he told him so when he thanked him and the dear boy who prompted the kind civility.

"It is a way he has, and always had, sir," replied the father. "From his cradle, he could never enjoy what he could not share with others. If he has any new gift or pleasure, his first thought is for those less favored. It is a way he got from his mother."

It was truly a beautiful "way" that boy had; and it should be a lesson to all boys, and boys' mothers too, who hear of him. Remember this, you who have horses at your control to use for convenience or pleasure: "It is a pity to have an empty seat." Remember it, mothers, when training your boys for lives of unselfishness. The little things of to-day will grow into the great things of years to come. The boy who is selfish with his toys and his comforts will be so with his money and his sympathies when a man; for the heart grows harder, rather than softer, by the flight of time.

A carriage is not the only place where "it is a pity to have an empty seat." It is a pity to have one in the church or the Sunday school; and there would be a less number so, if all boys had the spirit of the little fellow of whom we have written. Say with him, "It is so easy to ask!" and then go among the boys you know, and urge them to fill an empty seat. You can do more in this way than your minister or your teacher can. Let every empty seat in the house of God and in the Sunday school have a voice for you that shall send you out into the highways and hedges to compel less-favored children to come in; and, in so doing, you yourselves will receive a blessing. The noble boy who insisted on

offering a ride to a stranger thereby made a new friend who will never forget him, and who may return the kindness a hundred-fold, in ways he little dreams of now; and, better than this, he pleased God, who commands us to be careful to entertain strangers, and reminds us that many, in doing so, have entertained angels unawares. J. D. C.

For the Child at Home.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

In the golden light of sunset,
In the softly-beaming sunset,
On her pillow white as snow,
Lies our baby's head alow.
The baby sleeps.

Soft curls from her forehead sweeping,
White lids dropped with gentle sleeping,
Blue eyes hidden underneath them,
Long brown lashes softly fringe them.
The baby sleeps.

She has lisped her "Now I lay me;"
She has whispered, "God bless Mamie;"
Now her hands are folded lightly,
And her lips are parted slightly.
The baby sleeps.

Jesus, gentle Saviour, keep her,
Loving guardian angels, watch her,
Through the dark and silent night,
Till the dewy morning light,
While she sleeps.

In the dawning light of morning,
In the early gray of morning,
With a nestling and a rustling,
And a murmur and a bustling,
The baby wakes.

From the snow-white draped bed
Peeps the precious golden head;
Little feet begin their straying,
Little hands their winsome playing.
The baby wakes.

At some time not far away,
We shall miss our little May:
She will lose that childish air;
To a life of toil and care
She will wake.

Jesus, gentle Saviour, keep her,
Loving guardian angels, watch her,
Through the dark and thorny way,
Till to bright, eternal day
She an angel wakes.

Fleecy Cloud.

For the Child at Home.

A WILL AND A WAY.

A number of scholars were absent from Sunday school one pleasant summer-day, and their excuses ran somewhat like this:—

Susy D—— could not come because her dress was not washed and in order.

Mary K—— had to stay at home to mind the baby.

Lottie's folks got up so late, that, by the time breakfast was over, there was no time to dress for Sunday school.

Kate had so much work to do for Mrs. Allen, she could not get off in season.

Much the same were the excuses of all the rest.

A short time after, there was a little festival for the children, in a beautiful grove, beside a pretty stream of clear, sparkling water. There were no excuses offered this time. Susy D——'s mother was as busy as ever; but Susy washed and ironed her pink calico-dress herself, and then looked it carefully over to be sure that not a hook or button was missing.

Mary K—— took the trouble to find a kind little neighbor, who did not belong to her Sunday school, but who was willing to spend a few hours in taking care of her baby-brother.

Lottie was up before sunrise, and had the breakfast ready, and all on the table, in good season for the rest of the family. Father said he wished they might have a picnic every day, if that was the way it worked.

So, too, Katy did not wait to be called several times before she got up; and she did not go about her work in an idle, listless way: she worked briskly and well, so nothing had to be done over; and she, too, was off in good time.

Everybody found, that, where there is a will, there is a way. They took pains to prepare for the picnic beforehand. So, too, most Sunday scholars can manage to be in their places, if they will only use the same diligence and forethought. Rising an hour earlier on God's Day would usually give an abundance of time for all needful duties, and enable every scholar to be always present and always prompt. J. E. M'C.

For the Child at Home.

CATCHING SUNBEAMS.

Little Clara followed her papa to the barn this morning; and, while he was cutting the hay for the horse's breakfast, she ran about over the great barn floor, up into the loft, and down again, here, there, and everywhere, fresh as the morning, and happy as a bird. But, this morning, the old barn had a new plaything, more beautiful and attractive than all the old familiar ones.

The winter's hay is nearly gone. The almost empty loft shows many a beam and board once hidden; and, through a small knot-hole in the side, the early sun was pouring, wonderfully transforming countless particles of dust into fine gold, and throwing a long, slant ray of shining light just across the little one's path.

How the sweet face brightened as she cried in gleeful tones, full of wonder and joy,—

"Look, papa!—oh, pretty! May I catch it?"

In her delight, she ran before the hole, and shut off the sunbeam: then a countenance full of surprise and grief met the father as she murmured sadly,—

"O papa, it's runned away!"



"You are hiding it, dear: step one side, and it will come back." A slight movement, and the golden glory fell upon the child's head, and danced over the little form so full of life and motion. Then her joy was beautiful to see.

Taking advantage of it, the father told her of the Sun of Righteousness, whose beams light the darkest places of the earth, piercing even the black clouds of sin; how they change the dust of impatience, selfishness, and pride, into the gold of long-suffering, benevolence, and humanity.

He told her that she could be a sunbeam in the world by being happy and good; by loving to speak kindly, and act gently; that she could send her tender words of love into dark, sinful, and unhappy hearts, and light them up.

He told her that truth was one of the brightest sunbeams, and children that love it will always shine; that obedience to parents was a most beautiful one, and those who catch it early in life sooner learn to obey God; that the sunbeam of generosity sparkles even in the cloudiest weather, and that of purity shines out bright and far.

Let us all try to catch the sunbeams of holiness, purity, and love, and keep our lives lighted by them always.

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

CURLY-HEAD AND THE CANDY.

BY UNA LOCKE.

Maurice had made some molasses-candy, and little Curly-head knew it. But where had he hidden it, was a question. Not on the long shelves behind the pans; not on the short shelves behind the dried apples, and boxes of spices; not in one of the cupboards. She had looked in all these places, and every other place she could see, or think of. No: there was the meat-roaster, now, hung at the top of the buttery; and here was the apple-sauce barrel, so convenient, just under. Yes, it must be there. Up climbs Curly-head upon the apple-sauce barrel, and peeps in with eyes like two stars. She has found the candy!—yes, she has found it! Clementine and she will eat it now! She reaches eagerly up; a tilt, a quick turn of the barrel-lid,—plump, splash! Curly-head is over shoes and stockings in apple-sauce!

Well, there was a cry of distress, you may be sure, reached mamma's ears, piercing them like a knife. "Oh, dear!" sighed she, running to the rescue, "my apple-sauce! You'll have to eat it, every bit, yourself now! There, give me your hands, and jump."

Curly-head jumped, and so did the apple-sauce: all over the floor, the shelves, the plastering, above and below, it flew, making a nice piece of work; and then think of the shoes and stockings and pantalettes! And she did not get any of Maurice's candy, after all, until he was ready to divide it. How much better it would have been for her if she had waited!

Let us not be impatient for our pleasures before it is proper we should have them. I know of men who were not satisfied with a quiet business and a good salary, but *made haste to be rich*, and found themselves worse off than Curly-head in the apple-sauce barrel. So with scholars, who thought to get the prize by pretending they had kept all the rules when they had not: they reached after something that did not belong to them. God is never deceived; and he can, at any moment he pleases, expose them to open disgrace. "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterward his mouth shall be filled with gravel."

For the Child at Home.

ONE DAY LESS.

"Hurrah! another day gone! Only two days more before Fred's great party! Oh! won't we have a jolly time? I haven't thought of any thing else for a fortnight. I do hope it will be pleasant, and that nothing will happen to spoil our fun."

Walter whistled merrily, and walked gayly up and down the sitting-room, with a face which looked just then as though no cloud had ever crossed it.

"My dear," said his mother, looking up pleasantly at her son, "another day has indeed passed away, never to return. Is it not a solemn thought? Come and sit by me, Walter, and we will have a little twilight chat. Do you ever think, when you lay your head upon your pillow at night, that you have one day less to live; that you are one day nearer eternity?"

"Why, no, mother," replied Walter thoughtfully: "I can't say that I ever do. But did you never wish time away yourself, mother?"

"Yes, my son, often. Both young and old are

very apt to wish time away, that they may enjoy some promised pleasure. We often overlook the present in looking forward to some future time in which we expect to find more enjoyment. But that time with many never comes; or, if it does, we find not unfrequently that there is much more in anticipation than reality. To-day is the time: to-morrow may never come. If we wish to find true happiness, we must seek it *now*, without delay, by simply striving to do our Master's will.

"I do not blame you, my dear boy, for looking forward with pleasure to your cousin's party; but strive to fill up the days before it with pleasant words, kind deeds, and in trying to do your duty promptly and cheerfully, and then will the occasion be indeed a joyful one. Always remember, Walter, that our lives are rapidly passing away, and each day brings us so much nearer the end. A day once lost can never be regained; and this is a fact we should never lose sight of."

"Well, I declare, mother, I never thought of all this before. You have given me something new to think of. It is a solemn thought; isn't it? What a good boy I ought to be every day of my life!" And Walter looked up musingly at the bright stars which were smiling down into the quiet sitting-room, and putting sweet thoughts into the hearts of mother and child.

When he knelt in prayer that night, Walter thanked his heavenly Father for the gift of another day, and prayed more earnestly than he had ever done before that he might use aright each future day that was granted him, and not be selfishly wishing away the hours for some petty enjoyment of his own, when there is so much to be done in this great world of ours,—so many pleasant words to be said, so many kind acts to be done, and so many duties to perform.

Ah! children, did we look forward as eagerly to the joys of the heavenly kingdom as we do to earthly pleasures, we might say with reverence, each night as we lie down to rest, "We are *one day nearer home*."

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

THE CROSS UPON THE EVERGREEN.

Did you ever notice, dear children, how the beautiful pines, as they rise toward heaven, seem to lift up a cross at the end of every branch?

It is pleasant to think that from day to day this precious emblem is forming upon the evergreen-tree, and that its design is to turn our hearts to the one blessed cross that bore upon it the Saviour of the world.

If we were careful to observe all the little things in God's wondrous creation, we should often detect some hallowed meaning, some heavenly teaching, in what we now pass by unheeded. I suppose very many of you have walked in the solemn woods, with the pine-needles under your feet, and the resinous odor greeting you pleasantly, and a murmur as of sweetest music in the branches above your head; and, while you were sensible of the fragrance and the melody, you were quite unconscious of the beautiful cross pointing up toward the eternal home.

That is where every thing precious that God has made should direct us; and we must always remember, that but for the cross, and the sacrifice made upon it, we could never enter the glorious home in the heavens, whither the emblem in the pines is ever pointing.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

THE SINGING COBBLER.

Now is the time, boys and girls, when you like to be out of doors. Let me tell you of an old man who used to like to be out of doors as well as you do. He was called "Old Tim, the Singing Cobbler."

You must go with me to Old England if you want to see his home. You can not see just such a place in this country; for it is an English working-man's cottage, with a queer thatched roof and little diamond-glass windows, and almost covered with vines and roses.

Old Tim was a great singer in his way. Everybody said he sang through his nose badly: but he sang good hymns, and plenty of them; and his good wife, who often sat beside him at his work, and who was as famous a knitter as he was cobbler, sometimes told him that his hymns were "brimful of the Lord's truth."



Old Tim was a great favorite among the boys. They loved to eat the apples that he raised, and to hear the stories that he told of old times; and they didn't dislike his hymns, though they sometimes made fun of his music.

One of these boys was Willie Ray. Many a time he would spend an hour at the cottage with the old people: and perhaps he gave as much pleasure as he got by it; for they were always glad to see him.

The cobbler was troubled sometimes because he thought he did no good. "What a useless old lumber-log I be!" he said one day. But his wife didn't think so, and Willie didn't think so. Said she, "Think o' that hymn you sang just afore Master Willie came in,—

'Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
He shall lift up thine head.'

"It set my heart rejoicing; for I'd been down in the dumps."

Willie was a school-boy. After a while, he was led into the company of wicked boys, and then he gave up coming to Old Tim's. Yet he had to go past the old man's cottage every day; and he heard those familiar hymns, that sometimes struck deeply into his heart. Lower and lower he went in sin, till at last he made up his mind to run away from home. He started: but the road led near the cottage; and, as he went by, he heard the well-known voice singing loud and distinctly,—

"Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find."

He went on; but the word, "Come, come, come!" kept ringing in his ears, until his heart melted in sorrow for all his sins. He turned back home, and became a new boy, a true Christian.



VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1867.

NO. 7.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



THE BAMBOO-CANE.

"WOULDN'T I like to live where things grow at that rate?" said Arthur, as he swung his long, straight bamboo fishing-rod.

His father had just told him what a beautiful plant the bamboo-cane was, as he had seen it growing in India; and that it had been known to shoot up twenty feet in height in six weeks, and measure ten inches around! He thought life must have a peculiar charm in such places.

"But," replied his father, "don't you remember the lines,—

'What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!'

"Do you think you would be happier in Africa or India or China than you are in Christian America?"

"Well, you know, sir, I might be a missionary."

"Ah! I didn't see the missionary spirit in what you said; but I won't call you to account now about that. It is a comfort to know that missionaries have the pleasure of seeing many curious and wonderful things in the lands to which they go to lead the lost

heathen to Christ. But their chief comfort springs from doing their Master's work, and seeing it prosper in their hands. If your fishing-rod will make you think of the missionaries and their and your Saviour, it will be well.

"Now, about this bamboo-plant; I could tell you more wonderful things than the rapidity with which it grows.

"The Hindoos say, 'Blessings on the bamboo.' It is used for almost innumerable purposes. The young sprouts are served at table like asparagus; and I can tell you that they are quite equal to it, and are in season all the year round. The plant is used in various ways for medicine as well as for food.

"Then there is almost no end to the useful things that can be made from it;—baskets, brushes, brooms, buckets, cups, boxes, agricultural implements, weapons of war, canes, shoulder-poles, fences, and bridges. These you might think enough; but even houses are built, roofed, and floored with it; and boats of quite large size are entirely made of this material,—hull, masts, sails, and all. Water-wheels are made from it; and water-pipes, miles in length, are formed by putting the hollow joints together. I once saw an umbrella in China made wholly of bamboo, the cover being a sort of varnished paper made from the soft lining of the cane.

"The smaller joints of the plant are made into flutes and fifes. Indeed, on some of the Malayan islands, the people have made holes of various sizes in the stalks of the bamboo as it stands growing, and the wind blowing through makes sweet music like that of the Æolian harp.

"There is another use of the bamboo which is very common in the East. It takes the place of our 'birch,' as many a Hindoo and Chinese boy can testify who may have displeased his father or his teacher. It is better for boys to learn obedience in this way than not at all. Don't you think so, my son?"

"I suppose so, father; but I'd rather learn it without either birch or bamboo," said Arthur, as he twitched an imaginary perch out of the water with his fishing-rod, and started off for the "creek."

For the Child at Home.

THE CHILD'S VOICE.

A few weeks ago, as I was hurrying across the city, I shortened my way by passing through a narrow alley,—so narrow, and shut in by the high buildings on either side, that it was already growing dark there, while the streets beyond were all aglow with the light of the setting sun.

I was thinking how sad it was that any one should live in such a disagreeable, unhealthy place, when I heard a voice—a child's voice—singing. It came from one of the shabbiest of all the houses in that poor lane; and, as I walked on, the remembrance of that sweet voice, singing a little Sabbath-school hymn in the midst of so much discom-

fort and dreariness, so touched me, that I turned back to the house whence it came.

I heard it again, that clear, soft voice; and, guided by the sound, I stepped through an old entrance-way; and, peeping through a door which stood slightly ajar, I saw a small room, furnished with a bed, a table, and some rickety chairs.

Before the fire, on so high a stool that her toes were hardly able to touch the floor, sat a little girl, — not more than eight years old, — holding in her arms a strong, healthy-looking baby. She was still singing when I pushed open the door and went in, but stopped upon seeing me, and then, with the child yet in her arms, brought me the best chair she had to offer, in a quiet, womanly way that was very pleasing. When I asked her how she happened to be left alone with her little brother, she said, "Oh! we are alone here every day: but Tommy is such a good little fellow, that it is no trouble at all to take care of him; he is just company for me." Then she told me how her father was dead, and her mother had to go out every day washing, leaving her to keep house; and how a little friend of hers, who had been to Sabbath school, taught her the little song she knew.

"Would you like to go to Sabbath school?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes!" she answered very eagerly, but then explained in a sad sort of way that her mother could not buy the clothes she would need to go there. It was all she was able to do to keep them housed and fed.

By this time the baby had fallen asleep, and she laid him carefully and tenderly under the old quilt that covered the bed. Then, when I said I must go, she thanked me for coming to see her, and hoped I would come again. "You will not forget, will you?" said she, looking up pleadingly, when I had promised to call again soon.

I did not forget, but in a few days made a second visit to the young housekeeper. With me went a boy with a large bundle. When this bundle was opened, and my little singer saw in it a whole suit of clothes, — even to stockings and shoes, and a pretty hat that would fit no one so well as herself, — she seemed hardly to know how to express her joy.

If you had seen her bright, happy face when at last she was fully dressed in her new garments, you would have said, with me, that it was more than payment for the time and trouble that the preparation of the bundle had cost.

The next Sunday, I took this dear child to the Sabbath school; and now, in all the classes, there is not a more punctual or a more studious scholar than little Mary Collu.

E. C.

For the Child at Home.

KING ALFRED'S CANDLES.

I suppose it is hard for any of you little folks to realize that there ever was a time when people had no clocks. How strange it would seem to have no clock upon the mantel, with its hands stretching on toward school-time, or bed-time as fast as they can; no clock above the teacher's chair at school, where scores of little restless eyes can watch the long hand as it moves so snail-like down to half-past for recess-time, and, after that, as it creeps so slowly round again to twelve or five! I used to think sometimes that the clocks had surely stopped; but, after I had waited what seemed to me half an hour, I could see that the hand had moved from one little black dot to another. Oh the face of that old clock! I shall remember it as long as I remember the face of my mother.

I can not imagine what children did before clocks were invented; but grown people had a great many ways of telling the time. Most people told the time by the sun. When the sky was unclouded, those

who were accustomed to watch the sun could tell the time very nearly by its position in the heavens.

There was one invention which I think you will be interested to hear about. Alfred was a king of England many hundred years ago. He was a very wise king, and wished exceedingly to be able to read and study the few books which were then known. No one knew how to print then; and all the books Alfred had were written on an odd-looking sort of paper; and so few knew how to read them, that scarcely any one was found who could teach him. He was determined, however, to do what he could himself: so he resolved to devote one-third of his time to study, one-third to the affairs of his kingdom, and one-third to sleep and recreation. But he had so much to attend to, it would not do for him to lose any time; and how could he tell about this without any clock? He contrived some candles, by the burning of which he could measure time. These candles were painted in belts or stripes of different breadths and colors; and thus, by burning these candles, he could tell when it was time for him to leave one occupation for another.

You little folks must be careful to see that the play-stripes on your candles are not too wide for the study-stripes, or you will not be as wise as King Alfred, though your books are so much easier to read.

Lettie Ray.

For the Child at Home.

THREE FATHERS.

Jane and Tommy Snow had just finished sowing the seeds in their flower-garden. "Now," said Tommy, "when God sends the rain, the little seeds will sprout, and grow up into beautiful flowers."

"God is very kind to send us the beautiful flowers," said Jane.

"Of course he is: all our fathers are very kind. Don't you know, Jane, we have three fathers, — our Father in heaven, our father Snow, and our minister Mr. Crosby."

"Is Mr. Crosby our father?" said Jane, rather puzzled.

"Oh, yes!" said Tommy quite confidently. "Don't you know he always says, 'My child,' when he speaks to us? I am sure Mr. Crosby is one of our fathers."

"We are happier than poor little Emma Gray; for she has no father at all," said Jane pityingly.

"I suppose God is her father; isn't he?" said Tommy.

"No," replied Jane; "I don't think he is: if he was, she would mind him, and try to please him sometimes. And I know she doesn't; for I have seen her play all day Sunday, and she says a great many bad words."

"I'll tell you, Jane," said Tommy. "I don't believe she knows what God wants her to do: if she did, perhaps she would try to do it. Let us ask her to go to the Sabbath school, and learn about our Father in heaven; and perhaps she will become a good girl, and then he'll let her be his child."

The children, full of enthusiasm, ran into their mother's room to communicate their plan. When Mrs. Snow reminded them that Emma had no decent clothing, Jane begged that she might be permitted to give her some of hers; and Tommy offered to dispense with the spade which had been promised him for working in his garden, that Emma might have a new pair of shoes.

The bundle of clothing was soon made up; and the children, full of hope, went with it to the house of Mrs. Gray. Emma was rather shy at first; but, when she fully understood the kind intentions of her little friends, she became quite communicative, expressed much pleasure at sight of the clothes, and promised to be ready to go with Jane to the school.

When Jane knocked at the door the next Sabbath, Emma appeared looking so neat and clean,

that she was hardly to be recognized. She was very punctual in her attendance from this time, and very attentive to the instructions of her teacher; and it came to pass just as Tommy had predicted: when she knew what God required of her, she tried to do it, and her heart was quite softened and filled with love to him; and she was at length taken into the family of the redeemed, and became a child of God; and her little friends had no longer to mourn that she had no father.

M.



For the Child at Home.

CHING WANG.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

Ching Wang, whose picture you see above, is the son of a rich Chinese merchant in San Francisco, Cal. He is a comical-looking little fellow, and wears a still more comical dress. His shoes are made of satin, with paper soles an inch thick; but his stockings are only pieces of cloth wrapped around his feet. His outside coat is of silk; but the under one is blue cotton. Sometimes he wears four or five of these coats or jackets, one over the other, according as the weather is one, two, three, or five "jackets cold," as the Chinese say.

Take off his little red skull-cap, and you will laugh outright; for his hair is all shaved off, except a small bunch around the crown of his head, and that is braided with silk cords into a long tail that reaches down to his heels. You will say it is a foolish custom; and so it is; but you must expect that fashion will be as foolish and unreasonable among the Chinese as it is among us.

Ching Wang plays games as curious as his dress. He often flies a large kite, that, in shape and color, looks like a giant toad. Its tail is made like an immense snake, long and hollow, and with open mouth and glaring eyes; and, as the wind blows through it, it seems just like a huge serpent chasing a jumping toad high up in the air. It is fine sport, and never fails to make all the American boys shout long and loud when they see it.

Ching Wang, too, can throw up a ball, and, when it falls, kick it back by hitting it with the bottom of his foot, and thus keep it playing in the air for an hour or more. I have often seen him playing in that way with two balls at the same time. He is as full of sport as a kitten; but he is sober and earnest, and goes at it in a business-like way, and is never rough and rude, as our boys too often are.

He speaks a droll language; and if you could not see him and his playmates when they are at their sports, but should hear them, you would certainly

think all the pussies and geese in the neighborhood were holding a concert.

Ching Wang eats with two little sticks tipped with silver, and called "chop-sticks," instead of a knife and fork. He wears silver rings around his wrists and ankles, and almost always carries a fan in his hand.

But the strangest and saddest thing about him is that he never goes to church or to Sabbath school, and does not know any thing about God and Christ and heaven. He worships the spirits of his dead relations. Every morning he burns incense, or a "Josh stick," made of fragrant wood, before a little tablet on which their names are written. He puts food there for the spirits to eat, and then kneels down and says his prayers to them. It is a sad sight indeed to see a boy so bright and gentle as he is doing such foolish and wicked things. But he does not know any better. He has never been taught by his parents and Sabbath-school teacher, as you have been by yours, to obey God, and love the Lord Jesus Christ. No one has told him how to be good, and how to get himself ready for heaven; and that is the reason why he prays to dead men instead of to his Maker.

And there are thousands of such boys in China, with faces as fine looking as his, who are just as ignorant as he, and who every day do the same foolish and wicked things. What a noble work it would be for you to go and teach them better! How God and the angels would bless you! and how they would love such little missionaries! Think of this; and, when you grow up to be men and women, go and carry to them the blessed truths that have made you so different from what they are.

For the Child at Home.

CHRIST AND THE LAMB.

"What does this mean, mamma?" lisped a little girl as she looked upon a beautiful picture.

"It is Christ with a lamb in his arms," answered the mother absently.

"Is the poor little lamb all tired out, mamma?"

"I guess so," replied the absorbed mother.

"What a dear, good Christ to carry a little lamb when it's too tired to walk!" And the little one mused long over the picture, at last saying again,—

"Mamma, is the little lamb happy to be in Christ's arms?"

"Yes, dear; very happy."

"Wouldn't the lamb's mamma like to be took up too, and be rested?"

The child's persistency at last attracted the mother's attention; and, for the first time, the beauty and significance of the picture flashed across her mind, and she said within herself, "How careless I should be to neglect this opportunity of leading my child to Him!"

Hastily she threw aside the less important task of preparing raiment for the frail body, and eagerly sought to clothe the immortal soul with holy desires.

I did not catch all the softly-murmured words of the mother: but I heard her tell the child that she was one of the Saviour's lambs; and that, when she tried to be good and loving and kind all day, then she walked very near that Saviour,—so near, that should the small feet weary in the way, or the little heart grow tired of trying always to be good, if she asked him, he would take her up in his tender arms, and help her to keep on trying; and, when she grew brave and strong, he would let her walk

a while, but never quite alone; always so near, that he could catch her first cry for help, her first faint breath of prayer.

"Does he love me when I'm naughty, mamma?"

"He loves to help you to be good and overcome."

"I overcame once this day: did Christ help me?"

"Did you ask him, darling?"

"I prayed, you know, mamma."

"And it helped you to be happy and good; didn't it?"

"Oh, yes! *real* happy. I b'lieve I was in his arms then; don't you, mamma?"

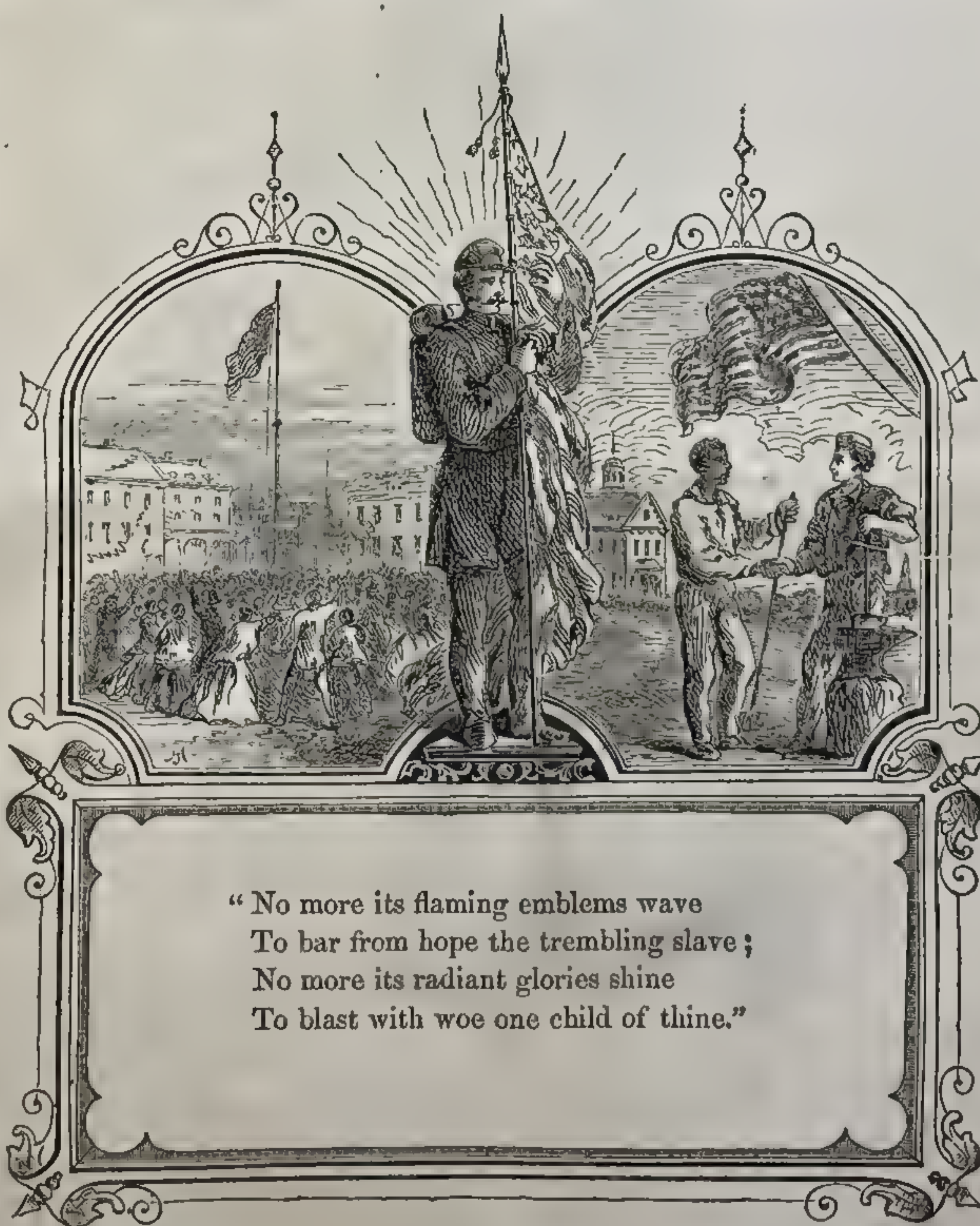
"I am sure you were, my child; and seeing you try so hard to be good made mamma walk very near the dear Christ, just as the lamb's mother does in the little picture."

"Does it make you gooder when I overcome?"

"Yes, dear: a good example has a great influence, even though it come from a very little child."

There was much more said; and I thought, if the artist could know what a lesson his picture taught, he might almost think that single effort of his pencil worth the toil and preparation of a lifetime. Its influence reaches to eternity.

H. K. P.



"No more its flaming emblems wave
To bar from hope the trembling slave;
No more its radiant glories shine
To blast with woe one child of thine."

"THE CHILD AT HOME" IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. Coan, who traveled through all the Southern States last winter and spring, has written us some very pleasant things about this little paper, and the way it is received in the South. Of course, some do not like it because it has pleaded the cause of the little slave children during the years past; yet he writes, "In six thousand miles of traveling, of the thousands to whom the dear little sheet has been introduced, I have met *only one* who has not manifested some degree of good will toward it."

But, if you would like to know how it is greeted by some of the colored schools, you must read this letter from a teacher at Andersonville, Ga. If you have kept your papers for last year, you can easily find our last "Independence" paper, which is spoken of in the letter.

ANDERSONVILLE, GA., March 4, 1867.

"We are in the habit of reading to our Sabbath-school scholars some story, containing some truth or

lesson we wish to particularly impress upon their minds.

"Sabbath morning, two weeks since, we had selected from 'The Child at Home' (July, 1866) an article entitled 'No more Slaves in America,' introducing J. G. Whittier's poem, 'Lans Deo.' The house was full; and, after the usual morning lessons, Miss B. arose to read 'the story.' Every face wore an eager and expectant look; and as she uttered the first words, 'No more Slaves in America,' a thrill ran through every heart.

"The reading of the introduction over, the poem commenced:—

'It is done!

Clang of bell, and roar of gun,
Send the tidings up and down.'

"We could see the eyes moisten as the reading proceeded, every stanza producing a deeper and deeper emotion; and scarcely were the last words uttered, when old Uncle Charlie, bowed with age and disease, slid from his seat to his knees, entirely overcome, and crying, 'Oh, glory to God! glory to God! Let us *all* cry, Glory to God! What are we that the good Lord is so good to us? Glory, glory to God!'

"I think there were no dry eyes in the house, and strong men were trembling with emotion. Such a touching tribute to the heart and genius of our immortal Whittier we deemed best he should hear about. Accordingly, an account was forwarded to him, and a very pleasant reply was returned."

The following is the letter of the poet:—

AMESBURY, 22d 2d Mo., 1867.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Let me thank you for sending me your kind letter. I read it with a grateful heart. 'Uncle Charlie's' prayer is worth more to me than the praise of all the oppressors of his race.

"May the dear Lord bless you both in your noble efforts to do his work! My heart and my prayers are with you.

"Your friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER."

For the Child at Home.

THE HALF-EAGLE.

BY JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

"Uncle, see what I have found!" said Henry Morgan, as he came running home from school one pleasant summer afternoon. "It is gold, and it is money: how much is it?"

"It is a half-eagle," said Mr. Morgan, taking the coin, and viewing it carefully.

"How many dollars is it worth?"

"How many dollars are there in an eagle?"

"Ten."

"How many in half an eagle?"

"Five."

"Never ask a question that you can answer yourself. Where did you find it?"

"In the middle of the road, at the foot of the hill. There was nobody in sight."

"So you don't know to whom it belongs?"

"It belongs to me, because I found it."

"Suppose the owner should come along and claim it?"

"I suppose I should be obliged to give it to him. Do you think it is likely that he will come along?"

"Not very."

"There is Cousin John: I must go and show it to him."

Away he ran to the orchard where John was; and, before he got near him, he cried out, "John, I'm rich! I've got five dollars!"



VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1867.

NO. 8.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



LOOK OUT.

ONLY two or three inches; that was all. If the switchman had moved the track just that little distance, every thing would have been right. But he forgot; and so the train that was passing the station ran furiously into the heavy freight-cars standing on another track, and dashed itself to pieces.

"What was the cause?" everybody said when the news spread of a great railroad accident.

"Oh! a switch was out of place," was the answer. "The switchman was careless: perhaps he was drunk."

Children, you can learn from the switchman to be careful about little things, because there's a long, long track of time before you; and, if you turn only a little from the right path, it may lead you to everlasting ruin.

Look out, and keep your tongue from wicked words, and your heart from wicked thoughts. You can not

tell how soon you will be far gone in sin, unless you resist the beginnings of evil. An angry word may lead to murder. A sip of strong drink may make you a drunkard.

Do right in little things, from love to your heavenly Father and your dear Saviour, and then you will do right in great things. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

For the Child at Home.

MAKING LIVING PICTURES.

"Oh, what a pretty picture! do see!" said Johnny, as he spread the newest "Child at Home" open on the table. "What is the little boy doing, mamma?"

"The lady," said mamma, "is the little boy's big sister. She is sewing, and Benny is playing telegraph: his cord you can see around the two chairs." And mamma kindly read the story to her little Johnny.

"I'm going to play melograph some time," said

Johnny. "Don't you remember how I played make spider-webs one rainy day, and you was my fly?"

"Yes," said mamma. "I remember how you wound the ball of twine round the bureau-knobs, and the door-latches and window-fixtures, and the chairs, until poor mother couldn't move about without getting caught in a spider-trap."

"Oh! didn't you buzz," said Johnny, "when your foot tripped in the web on the floor?" And Johnny laughed at the recollection of the fun he had.

"This is a very pleasant picture," said mamma. "I think Madge Graves must be a very good sister. It makes me think of a beautiful living picture I saw the other day."

"What is a living picture?" asked Johnny.

"A picture where all the figures are alive. You standing at the table talking, and Mary folding her dolly's dress, are living pictures."

"What did you see?" asked Johnny.

"I saw at a friend's house two happy, loving sisters at their work and at their play. One was quite a big girl: the other was no larger than yourself. If their mother wanted any thing done, they obeyed so cheerfully, it was a pleasure to see her ask them. If Anna said to the little one, 'Now, sissy, get me my thimble,' or something, off ran sissy to get it; and then Anna paid her with a kiss. If sissy's shoe got untied, she put her little foot right up in Anna's lap; and then it was her turn to kiss. When sissy's bedtime came, Anna undressed her pet and rocked her, and then carried the great child in her arms to the bed, and tucked her in. They couldn't do too much for each other. Their father said it was always so. Their lips are full of pleasant words and loving smiles all the day long. It was such a sweet picture, Johnny, that I shall keep it in my heart as long as I live."

"I wish I could see it," said Johnny.

"Do you know, Johnny," said his mother, "that you are making pictures of yourself every hour of your life?"

"Why, no, ma! Do I?" And Johnny went to the mirror, and looked.

"Not that way, Johnny; though a looking-glass will often tell a boy how he appears. But you are making a living picture in every thing you do. Sometimes it is a bright picture of little duties well performed, or honest motives, or noble truths; sometimes the picture is sweet and happy with pleasant words and loving actions; sometimes it is very gay with a child's merry play; sometimes it is sad with tears or pain; and sometimes, O Johnny! I am sorry the picture is dark with anger or disobedience, or selfish ways. The words you speak and the thoughts you think grow into a picture that stands out clear and full for all who know you to look upon. Above all, God sees every picture, and knows how the work is done."

"What makes the pictures, mamma?"

"There are several little busy artists down deep in your heart, Johnny, such as love, generosity, and

mirth; and there are also anger, ill-will, contrariness, and other evil-workers. These artists work out from your heart upon your face, and in all the ways of your life, their own likeness. They make living pictures of my little Johnny all the time."

"Will they put my pictures in a book?" asked Johnny very soberly.

"There is One, Johnny, the great God, who keeps a book of remembrance; and all the living pictures you make will be there. In the last great day you will see them all again. The dark pictures of wrong will look more dreadfully than you can think of now."

E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

LOST.

Little Willie Prince had gone to live in a handsome house in New York, just opposite one of the most beautiful parks. He was five years old; but he could not talk very plainly, and was so ashamed of his indistinct lisp, that a stranger could rarely tempt an answer from him. It was Willie's perfect delight to watch when some one passed out the basement door, and, slipping slyly by, to run out bareheaded into the street, and across into the park, where he could see the sparkling spray of the fountain, or peep into the trees for a tame squirrel. This was not considered a very safe proceeding, however, by his mamma, who knew, that, if he should wander away, no one could find out from him who he was, or where he lived. One bright day in early autumn, Willie had a fine chance to make his escape; for the cook had left the lower door open, and he was off in a twinkling, and, having a shiny new penny in his pocket, thought he would venture a little farther, and see if he could not find some candy-stores. So on and on and on he ran, his yellow curls flying in the breeze, till he came to a broad space where a great many omnibuses and horse-cars and carriages were passing to and fro, and a man, with a monkey was performing on a hand-organ. There he stood still, perfectly fascinated with the gay sight; when a policeman stepped up, and, taking hold of Willie's shoulder, said, "Where do you live, little boy?"—"Dun no," said Willie good-humoredly. "But what's your name, my little fellow?" asked the man. "Dun no," again replied Willie, thinking this was much easier to say than "Willie Shirley Prince." "Then I guess I must take care of you. Will you take a walk with me?" rejoined his new friend. Now, you know that in New York, when a policeman finds a very little boy in the street, especially if he is bareheaded, and looks like a runaway, and can not tell where he belongs, he takes him to the police-station, and keeps him all day. If his parents do not call for him by this time, he is taken to the police headquarters on Broadway, and kept till some friend comes for him. So Willie walked contentedly away with the policeman, and found no fault with being left at the office, perched up at the window, where he could see plenty of passing-by.

Meanwhile Willie's mamma had been in great distress at his loss. Bridget, the cook, and Mary the waiter, and Hannah the nurse, had been dispatched in different directions; but no Willie could be found. Willie's papa was out of town; so his mamma sent way down town for his uncle to come up; and he inquired at the police-stations near by, but finally concluded that they must wait patiently till six o'clock, and then go to the police headquarters. It was a long day for Mrs. Prince; but a little after six o'clock, as she stood pressing her pale, anxious face against the parlor-window, who should she see tripping up the pavement but her darling little curly-headed Willie, holding his uncle with one hand, and a great juicy peach, which he was devouring, in the other!

"O ma!" he exclaimed, "I've had *thuch* a *nith* time to-day!"

"A good deal nicer than your poor mamma, I

guess," said Mrs. Prince, catching him in her arms, and holding him as tightly as if she never meant to let him go again. You can believe that the basement-door was pretty carefully watched after this, and that, when Mr. Prince returned, and heard the story, his little Willie seemed dearer to him than ever.

Dear little children, do you know that you are all lost, and wandering away from your own dear home? Jesus comes to you, and says he will show you the way back. Can you not trust him, and take his hand, and follow where he leads? If little Willie had not gone with the good policeman, he might not have escaped the many dangers around him. So dangers are pressing all around you; but Jesus can take you to a place of refuge, and finally bring you safe to your heavenly home. He is "the way, the truth, and the life."

E. N. C.



For the Child at Home.

LITTLE SILVER-HAIR.

Years and years and years ago,
Dear little "Silver-hair" toddled alone
Where the green meadow-grass waved in the sun.

Golden-eyed daisies and buttercups bright,
Nodding and beeking in Silver-hair's sight,
Bowed to the breezes, and danced in the light,

As by the angels in heaven beguiled,
Dazed with the glory, the sweet little child
Held out his hands to the sunlight, and smiled.

Years and years and years have sped,
Strengthening the weak and the tottering tread,
Brightening the sheen on the silvery head.

Fadeless the blossoms of faith and of love,
Where the blest spirits with Silver-hair rove,
Up in the beautiful pastures above.

Holy the rapture, celestial the glow,
Radiant the smile, on our Silver-hair's brow;
Endless the glory inwrapping him now.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

THE TWO HATS, AND WHAT I SAW UNDER THEM.

Both hats were in church; both upon little girls. The first was a dainty blue silk, with a soft floating white plume, curling lovingly as it fell against a pink cheek blooming with health and beauty.

"What a sweet face!" I said to myself, as, from the seat near her, I glanced at the almost perfect features, soft, spiritual eyes, and forehead shaded by auburn curls. Just then, a little friend beside her received so sweet a smile in reply to some little whispered word, that the face seemed almost angelic. A moment after, the sexton showed a person into the seat. One glance at the new-comer from the owner of the blue hat, and then—alas for June skies and golden sunlight!—the look cast upon her friend, as expressive of her annoyance by one sitting next

her whom her delicate taste did not exactly approve! It was a sudden cloud. The face was instantly daguerrotyped upon my mind, and no visions of soft plumes or auburn curls can ever cause me to forget it. Take care, little girls with sweet faces and charming hats, take care of the *little heart within*, or it will reveal secrets you would be sorry to have known.

The other hat was quite plain,—a straw turban, bound with a plain velvet band; a plain but very sweet face, its beauty almost wholly dependent on the expression.

She sat next her mother, and held a little Bible of her own. When the opening chapter was being read by the clergyman, her mother, who had already found the place in *her* Bible, passed it to the little girl, quietly, in reply to her wish to have her find the chapter in *her own*.

I was near enough to hear the low whisper. "Take mine; I know the chapter:" when the resolute little hand pressed the small Bible closely against her mother's hand; and, just then, I caught a glimpse under the second hat. It made me think of a clear little pool of water, just after a big stone had suddenly been thrown into it. It was *stirred from the bottom*; and, oh, how changed! The little heart was revealing a secret.

Now, many ladies may not be looking under little hats in church; but there is an eye looking down into every heart,—even the eye of Him "who dwelleth in light inaccessible and full of glory; and who can not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance."

If our hearts are not right before Him, let us go to Christ for a robe of perfect righteousness. He died to secure it for us. It cost him a great deal; but he offers it to us "without money and without price." And this is the *only* robe in which we can be presented before God, and be accepted: any thing else will prove but "filthy rags." If we come before him in any other dress, we shall hear the solemn words, "Friend, how camest thou in hither *not having a wedding-garment*?"

For the Child at Home.

THE LITTLE INWARD VOICE.

Willie, our minister's youngest child, is very intelligent. He knows more than most little folks of his age. It does one good to have a look at his bright face. But, like many older people, he does not always put his intelligence, and quickness of thought, to the best use. A lady called upon his mother one day, accompanied by her little boy, about Willie's age. It was in the early part of the afternoon, and it so happened that Willie had not been to dinner. He has a way of tumbling down suddenly among his playthings, warm days, and enjoying a little nap; while his horses and carts and cars, his tops, his balls, and his blocks, all lie quietly, waiting for him to move again. When this occurs, his mother usually throws a shawl or something over him, and lets him sleep. It had been so upon this day. The rest of the family had all been to dinner, and a plate of good things had been set in the stove oven to keep warm for Willie. His nap was unusually long; but the little visitor's voice awoke him, and the play soon began.

"Isn't Willie coming to his dinner?" It was Mary's voice at the door that opened from the sitting-room into the kitchen. Mary was the girl who helped Willie's mother do the work.

Willie looked troubled. He spread his hands wide over the very high meeting-house they had been building, as if fearful that a breeze from the kitchen was going to blow it over. He glanced anxiously at mamma and papa, who were conversing with the lady,—only glanced; for he did not wish them to know he had noticed Mary's question.

"Go, Willie, immediately. Mary wants to clear the things away."

Mamma must be obeyed: this, Willie knew. So he walked away, looking as though he wished he might do without his dinner. But, directly, he came back, with a very queer expression of fun and satisfaction upon his face. His mother, surprised, asked, "What is the matter, Willie?"

"Mary sent me back." He said it without looking up, and proceeded to put a steeple to his meeting-house. His mother said nothing more, supposing Mary had a good reason. But presently the girl came to the door again, and asked, "Willie, why don't you come?"

"He said you sent him back." It was papa who spoke this time, looking slightly vexed.

"I did, for his table-chair."

"Willie!" But Willie was on his way to the kitchen, tugging his chair that he had been using to lengthen out a train of cars. He only heard the voice: he did not want to look in papa's face just then.

While he was eating, another voice commenced speaking to him, very softly, but so earnestly that it almost frightened him. He ate very slowly, and with considerable difficulty; for the voice troubled him. When he had finished his dinner, he leaned his head upon his hand, and listened, looking very thoughtful. Mary asked him why he didn't get down, and go back into the other room. "Don't 'sturb me now," he replied. So she took away his plate and napkin, and left him sitting there, smiling, and saying to herself, "What a queer child!"

The "queer child" was still sitting at the table when he heard doors open and shut, and knew the visitors were gone. Then he slid down from his chair, went softly to the sitting-room door, and, holding it half way open, coaxed and tip-toed around, until papa, raising his eyes from his book, said, "Willie, my son, come here."

Willie walked straight up to his father; and with both hands behind him, and his chin very low upon his breast, he stood perfectly still, looking up from under his brows with moistening eyes for the reproof which that little inward voice had been telling him he deserved.

"Does my little boy like to tell wrong stories?"

The "little boy" did not reply at once. But the little form began to tremble, the chin was gradually raised, the moisture in the eyes gathered into large drops and fell over the flushed cheeks, and the penitent, "No, no, Willie doesn't," came at last from the quivering lips; while the hands, unclasped from behind, were thrown up beseechingly for the embrace of reconciliation; and papa and mamma, feeling that their little boy was sufficiently punished, gave it at once. II.

For the Child at Home.

THE YOKE.

While talking with a friend not long since, her little boy came into the room, very eager to show me two little yokes which a kind uncle had added to his store of playthings. They were very "cunning," — not more than six or eight inches long, I think; and very pretty, having been whittled from black walnut; and they were a perfect imitation of the large yokes worn by oxen, with the bows and ring and staples and pins all complete. The bows of these were scarcely large enough for the neck of the least little kitten you ever saw. They were a new sort of plaything to me, and pleased me very much.

Did you ever hear of a yoke for little boys to

wear? There is a verse in a certain book that reads like this: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." And what does that mean, but that little boys, and girls too, for that matter, should bear the yoke? Not a wooden yoke, to be sure, but some sort of one; and why, and how?

Did you ever see a farmer try for the first time to yoke his young cattle, his "two-year-old steers" as he calls them? How hard it is to get it on to their necks! They don't understand it; they do not like it; and yet they must wear it, must get used to it. Why? Because, without it, they will never be of any use in the world; never do any good to anybody. So, my little friends, you can never be of much use in the world, never do much good, without the yoke. Do you wonder what kind of a yoke you are to carry? I suppose by a yoke, here, is meant any thing, any little self-denial, or it may be no more than the forming a habit in youth which shall fit you for the cares and duties of after-life as the yoke fits the patient ox for his labors.

One yoke is the yoke of obedience, — obedience to parents; a very easy yoke, to be sure, for good, loving children to bear, but hard for the stubborn and rebellious; easy if borne in childhood with cheerfulness, easy all the life long.



Walking out the other day, I saw a boy sawing wood. He was a small boy, I thought, to use a saw; but he was learning to bear the yoke, denying himself for the comfort of his mother. His father was one of that large army of martyrs who gave their lives for our country; and two little boys are left to the care of their mother: so Eddie is comforting and helping her by bearing this light yoke, and is doing himself even more good than his mother by forming the habit of making himself useful.

Mary is the eldest of a little family. Her mother works very hard, and gets often weary, and sometimes discouraged. So Mary proposed that she should leave her cares for a drive, that she might be refreshed by the clear air and the beautiful scenery about their home. She took good care of the little ones, amusing them in the best way she could; and felt quite repaid, I doubt not, when her mother returned, cheered and invigorated by the re-action. Mary is beginning to "bear the yoke;" learning herself, meanwhile, a lesson of patience.

Sarah does not love to sew; but she has seen poor children not comfortably clad, and her mother has promised her cloth for all the garments she will make. So, though often tired with study, she sews a little every day, and, in this way, has made some little

hearts very glad. She, too, is "bearing the yoke," — a yoke of self-denial and perseverance.

Charley was a beautiful baby, the only son of loving parents. One day, his nurse let him fall from her arms. As she took him up, his foot caught; and, in pulling it very carelessly, she hurt the child. For a few days, it was not noticed, except that he seemed more easily disturbed than usual, and once in a while, when taken up, would utter a sharp cry, as if in pain. The family physician was sent for; and, upon examination, the boy's hip was found to have been injured. For eight long years he was confined to his bed, and for as many more he walked with crutches. His mother told me, the sweetest music to her ear was the tapping of those little crutches about the house; and she kept them as long as she lived, all the different sizes as he outgrew them. Charley's yoke was one of suffering; and so sweetly and patiently did he bear it, that everybody loved him, and almost loved his crutches too.

But there is one yoke, which, above all others, should be borne in youth; for it includes, and will help you to bear, all others. One infinitely loving says, 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; . . . for my yoke is easy.'

If you have seen the oxen bearing the yoke, and dragging their heavy burdens, you have noticed, that, so long as they understood and followed the voice of their master, there was no chafing of the yoke, nothing troublesome about it, and no touch of the cruel goad with its iron point was needed. But, if they turned out of the way, the yoke would wear upon the neck, and the sharp prick of the iron would remind them they were not bearing the yoke rightly; so it was no longer an easy yoke to them.

Christ's yoke is very easy, — very pleasant to the youngest, the weakest, who follow closely in his footsteps. But if we wander away from him, or follow him "afar off," it will be hard to carry; and a touch of the goad, in the shape of some trial hard to bear, may be needful to bring us back again under the yoke.

I have seen the snow marked with blood all along the road where a cruel, passionate man has driven his cattle. Christ is no cruel master. He never afflicts willingly, but as a loving father, who feels himself every stroke he gives to his wayward child. No yoke of suffering or self-denial we can bear can be half as painful as what Jesus endured for us: so let us thank him for any trial which brings us back to his easy yoke. His promise is sure to those who bear it, "Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Aunt Katie.

For the Child at Home.

SHUT THE EYES, AND RUN.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Some years ago, God put it into the heart of a young New-England minister to go and teach the heathen in our own country. He went by car, by boat, on horseback, and on foot, until he was away and away out in the Far North-west, where there were more swamps than cornfields, more stumps than houses, and where the children had many of them hardly heard the name of Jesus.

There he went about from one rough cabin in the half-cleared forest to another, talking to the people of what God has done for us, and what we ought to do for him; not because he has need of our work or of us, but just because it is really so much better for us to do the things which he has commanded.



VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

NO. 9.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



SOME QUESTIONS.

I WOULD like to ask my little readers some questions about this picture. If you can not answer them all, perhaps your parents or your older brothers and sisters will help you. If they can not answer them at once, perhaps they will take down the Bible, and look out the answers for you. I love to see little children and older people studying together God's blessed book. Here are the questions:—

What is the name of the aged man who wears such queer-looking clothes?

Can you find where these clothes are described in the Bible?

Do you think that the little boy standing near him is his grandchild?

How came he to live with the old man?

Was his mother willing to have her darling go away from home to live?

What has she in her hands for him?
How often did she bring him such a present?
What was the boy's name? and what do you remember about him when he was a child?
Did he live to be an old man?
What else do you remember about him?
Can you tell by the curtains, or by any thing else in the picture, where these three persons are standing?

For the Child at Home.

NEVER PUT OFF MENDING.

"Helen, there is the trimming off your dress: go immediately and mend it!"

"Yes, mamma," said Helen: "I shall do it." Then she looked at her dress to see where the damage was. "Oh!" said she, smiling, when she had found it, "it is this little bit, is it? I thought it was at least half a yard long. Mamma is so very quick in perceiving

every little disorder! There is no great haste to mend it: I shall do it when I come up again. There is Annie in the garden; she beckons me to come down. Yes, I shall be with you in a twinkling!"

And so she was. They soon began to run: each would be the first at a certain mark. Helen could run very fast, and was already quite near the mark; but suddenly, when she passed a hedge, a nail seized the little bit of loose trimming, and held her fast. She fell down, and hurt her knee severely, upon a stone.

For a long time, she could not walk at all; and her knee remained ever afterwards somewhat stiff, so that she limped all her life. Was not that bad? Surely; but not as bad as the destiny of the girl who had an ugly fault in her character, when she was a child, which she did not mend in time. She smiled when older persons reproved her for it, and said, "It will be all right when I am a woman: there is still time enough for me to mend." But she never did. Satan seized her at this seemingly insignificant defect, and she fell,—fell quite into his power. I fear she was never released.

C. S.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

For the Child at Home.

ACTING UPON THE GOLDEN RULE.

Two little boys named Freddie and John, living in the same neighborhood, were very punctual and good boys in the Sabbath school, to which both of them belonged. They listened attentively to the instruction of their teachers, and tried to remember the beautiful sayings of Jesus, who once lived on this earth, and took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Freddie had no father here. God had called him up into heaven to live with him. His mother was poor, and obliged to take in sewing to obtain food and clothing for herself and her son. Freddie was glad to assist his mother in going after and returning her work; also in going for the milk, in filling the wood-box, and in doing all that little hands could to help her who had taught him that to obey parents is well-pleasing in the sight of Jesus.

One Sabbath, Freddie and his mother went to church as usual. While in church, Freddie was taken suddenly sick, so that he fell down on the floor, and was taken up and carried home without knowing any thing of what had happened to him. The doctor was called to see him; and, for many days, Freddie did not go out again.

John knew his little Sabbath-school mate was carried home sick, and that the doctor had been to see him. So, on the following morning, John, instead of hastening to play with other boys before the school-bell called them, quietly walked to the house in which his little playmate lived, and inquired of Freddie's mother if he could not do Freddie's work for her while his little friend was sick. Was not that a noble purpose for a young heart? and does it not show a desire to imitate that Saviour who sought

opportunities to do good, and gave us examples of kindness?

And in this generous act we can read the character of the future man. How quickly was the wood-box filled, the milk brought, and the work returned! Nor did John forget, during all those days of illness, to do for Freddie's mother all the work the little hands of her sick boy had in the past performed so faithfully. Now, my young reader, can you not say, with me, this was a noble deed of John's? Will not you try to do the same when you have opportunity? And will not Jesus be pleased with such acts of kindness? Here are his own words: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." S. H. M.

For the Child at Home.

LUCY'S VICTORY.

BY ELIZABETH GREENLEAF.



"I'd like to go and play with Lizzie Warren to-night, mother," said Lucy, as she came from school with dinner-basket and satchel, and making so much noise that baby Arthur awoke with a cry.

"No, dear, — not to-night. Baby has not been well to-day: so you must amuse him while I am busy."

"But, mother, *do* let me go: for the crane's-bill is in blossom; and Lizzie says we will go through that nice orchard, all covered with patches of innocence, that look like great bouquets. And, mother, you know I've never been in it: so *do*, please."

"No, Lucy. I can not spare you: so try to feel and look cheerful about it."

"But, mother," persisted Lucy, "if you *will* let me go, I'll help you another time just as much."

"Well, child, run along, then," said her mother quietly.

Lucy looked up eagerly a moment; then she stood swinging her sun-bonnet by the strings irresolutely. Only the day before, her mother had explained to her the meaning of the passage, "Honor thy father and mother."

That kind but unseen friend called conscience, that our heavenly Father has placed in each of our hearts, was trying to remind Lucy of her duty: so, at length, she said slowly, "Would it be *honoring* you, mother, if I went?"

"No: it would not be honoring me, unless you obeyed quickly and cheerfully."

"Well, then, I won't tease any more, but take Arthur out on the lawn, where he can see the lambs frisk about; and that will be nicer than going when you think it isn't best." So she hung up her satchel, and put away her basket; and, in trying to divert her little brother, she became happy *herself*, as people always do who give up their own wishes to please and assist others.

Then, when bed-time came, her mother's good-night kiss, with "You have honored me, and listened to the voice of conscience, Lucy," were of greater worth than any pleasure she could have derived from doing what she was sure her mother disapproved.

For the Child at Home.

TRUSTY HANDS.

Three-years Freddie owned a pair of very busy little hands. Mamma loved them, — every one of the dimpled fingers was precious to her; but she did not love the mischief she often found them in: so she took Freddie in her lap one day, and said to him, —

"Are my Freddie's little hands trusty hands?"

"Don't know. What are t'usty tannies, ma?"

"Trusty hands, my love, are hands which can be trusted — that is, depended on — to do right, and not to do wrong. God gave my sonnie these hands to do good things with; and, if he does bad things with them, they are not trusty hands. God can not trust them; mamma can not trust them."

"Not t'usty tannies when Freddie goes to work-bakset?"

"No. Can Freddie think of any more places where his hands haven't been trusty?"

"Yes: in tugar-bowl." Mamma nodded assent; and Freddie went on confessing his sins, with a very thoughtful look.

"Out titchen, too, tannies went in flour, in dough, in water-pail, in 'tarch, in clothes-bakset, in coal-tod, in 'tove-oven, when Freddie burnt not t'usty tannies."

"Anywhere else?" asked mamma, quite startled at this revelation of what Bridget had put up with in her "swate darlin'."

"Not t'usty tannies in panty too," continued Freddie: "went into wice and waisins and mince-pie-meat and pepper, — 'naughty pepper to dit in Freddie's eyes and make him cry:' Bridget says so."

"I must have a serious talk with Bridget," thought mamma. "I had no idea of all this." To Freddie she only said, "Any more places, sonnie?"

"Freddie 'members lots; but Freddie's tired telling," said three-years with a sigh, and a mournful look at the fair plump hands. "Freddie's tannies goin' to be t'usty tannies now."

That afternoon, Freddie's mamma left him alone in the parlor a few minutes, but returned in haste, fearing her little boy might be injuring something. She found him standing before the "what-not," his hands tightly folded, as he whispered, —

"T'usty tannies musn't touch."

When his bed-time came, mamma said, before he knelt to lisp his little prayer, —

"Does our heavenly Father see that the hands he gave his little Freddie have been trusty hands to-day?"

"Tried to be t'usty, ma; but Freddie fordrot when he pinched kitty's tail a-purpose, and splashed all the water out of the basin onto hisself."

Then mamma had another little talk with her boy, and he added to his usual prayer, —

"Please, God, make little Freddie's tannies wholly t'usty tannies to-morrow."

Freddie remembered better the next day; and by and by, after a great deal of praying and trying, the hands came to be perfectly trusted anywhere.

Are the little hands which hold the "Child at Home" trusty hands? S. A. F. H.

For the Child at Home.

THE TWO TICKETS.

The first one brought tears to Aunt Lucy's eyes, as, on opening a book which had once been her daughter Nelly's, she took out the little piece of carefully-folded paper. It was an old-fashioned ticket, as the children used to call them; not so pretty as the bright-colored picture-cards and nice books which are given as rewards now-a-days. But it had been precious to Nelly; for upon it, in the teacher's best hand and finest flourishes, these words were written, "The Good Scholar's Reward." And it was precious now to Aunt Lucy: for many years had passed since her little girl had come running home to show it; and Nelly's once bright face and busy feet were now at rest in the quiet graveyard.

Her little room had been given to Seymour Weston, a fatherless boy, whom Aunt Lucy had taken into her family. Seymour had not the name of a bad boy at school or among the neighbors: but Aunt Lucy feared that he did not love the Saviour, and try to please him; and she was sometimes much

grieved when he so far forgot his holy law as to tell a lie. This happened on the very day when she found Nelly's ticket; and perhaps it was this which made her give Seymour a ticket, though of a very different kind.

Yes, Seymour had told a lie; and, now that Aunt Lucy had found it out, he stood ashamed and trembling, but fearing the punishment sure to follow, more than the displeasure of the just God against whom he had sinned.

"What can I do," thought Aunt Lucy, "to teach this poor boy the great lesson of truth?" Then she wrote in large letters upon a card, "This Boy has told a Lie;" and pinned the card upon Seymour's coat, where every one would be sure to see it.

Though it was a half-holiday, Seymour could take no comfort that afternoon. He was too much ashamed to go out and play with the other boys: so he staid in the house, and tried to amuse himself with Aunt Janette's baby. But the baby cried, and Aunt Janette said she could not trust her with an untruthful boy. He almost hated the canary-bird; for it seemed to scream out, "This boy has told a lie!" Even old Barney, the horse, stopped munching hay when he tried to hide his disgrace in the barn, and rolled his great eyes as if reading the card. In vain he begged Aunt Lucy to take it off. This was the ticket he had earned, and he could not get rid of it.



The tea-bell rang. Seymour was not hungry; but he dared not be absent from the supper-table. As the family gathered, one after another read the sad words. Grandpa slowly took out his spectacles. "What!" said he. "How is this?" I guess Seymour has got a ticket." Then he read aloud, "This boy has told a lie." The good old man shook his head, and said, "Ah, my boy! it is a very bad thing to get such a ticket as that; but I'll tell you what is a great deal worse, — the sin on your soul."

Now, this was the very lesson Aunt Lucy wished to teach him, — that there was a *sin on his soul*, which, though it could not always be seen by those around him, was written clear and plain in God's sight. After tea, as Seymour sat looking sadly down upon the great black letters, she called him to her side, and talked with him until she felt sure he was truly sorry for what he had done.

"O Aunt Lucy!" said the penitent boy, "what shall I do? I can not bear to think of the sin on my soul."

"God says in his Word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' I will take the card

from your coat; but only Jesus can take the sin from your soul."

Then she unpinned the ticket, and gave Seymour a good-night kiss. He went to his chamber alone, to kneel, and pray that Jesus would wash him white in his precious blood.

Children, is there sin upon your souls? Will you trust in Jesus, and pray for his forgiveness? Then you may sing, with many more of his redeemed children, —

"We have clean robes, white robes;
White robes are waiting for me;
Yes, clean robes, white robes,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

w.

For the Child at Home.

THE APPLE-WOMAN'S BABY.

Where does your little sister or brother sleep, when the eyelids droop heavily, and the tender frame is weary and needs refreshing? Does not mother take the baby on her lap and rock it gently, singing a sweet lullaby, until the fringed curtains are drawn closely over the dreamy eyes? and then, with a soft kiss that will not wake her darling, does she not lay it upon a pure white bed, and shut out the glaring sunlight, and hush all the noise in the house, that her baby's slumber may be undisturbed?

I must tell you what I saw the other day. I was walking in the city street, on a noisy thoroughfare. The horse-cars were making a great dust; and there was the constant tinkle of the bells upon the horses' necks, and all sorts of bustle and confusion filled the air. There were the cries of fruit-venders and ragmen and glaziers, and such a medley of sounds, that my ears were pained; and I longed for the quiet and seclusion of my home, and was hastening to secure it.

In the very midst of all this noise sat an apple-woman, with a small table before her. Close at hand, in a corner, on the black earth, lay a little child two years old, sleeping sweetly, — as sweetly as any royal baby in all its splendor and luxury. An old rag was its pillow; but its bed was the hard ground.

I stopped and looked at it for a moment, and asked the woman if it was her baby; and then I was sorrowful. But only for a minute; for I remembered how the great Father was bending down from the high heavens to watch it, and how his ministering angels, though unseen by my eye, were beside it, with their wings outspread to shield it from harm. And there was a pretty little tuft of grass close by its head, and the blue sky above was bright and clear: so, after all, there was very much to be grateful for. Then the dear little thing awoke so cheerful and happy, and rubbed its blue eyes, and crept out from the narrow bedroom, and ran to its mother, laughing and crowing, and in high glee, as she caressed and petted it, and put tiny bits of a penny bun into its open mouth.

I only hope it will grow up a help and comfort to its mother; and that when she is old, and can no longer find strength to work, the child will in its turn care for and feed her, giving her that honor and love which God requires of all children toward their parents.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

"EMILY P."

You have heard of the missionaries who go to carry the Bible to the heathen. Perhaps you think their little children are very grave, and have rather a gloomy time of it; but I am sure you are mistaken. I know a little girl whose name is Alice. Her father is a missionary on Mount Lebanon; but her heart is as light as yours. Her tongue runs all day like a blackbird's, — sometimes in English, sometimes in Arabic, and sometimes in a mixture of the two. She says she is mamma's "tatter-box." She can sing like

a nightingale, only prettier; because we can not understand his words, and we can hers. "Winkle, 'winkle, 'tittle 'tar," is one of her favorite hymns; and "Jesus loves Me" sounds very sweet from her lisping lips, because it is so true that Jesus does love little children. She sings another song, which is familiar to you all; but perhaps you have never sung the words just as she did. She sung it in this way: —

"A B She D E F G
H I Da K, Emily P."

She always sung it in this way, and nothing could convince her it was not the right way.

Lettie Ray.

For the Child at Home.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY UNA LOCKE.

I am better now, mamma;
All the pain has gone away:
But your face is growing far,
Though the room is light as day.

Music! — Do you hear, mamma?
So much sweeter than the birds;
Lovelier than your dear guitar:
But I can not catch the words.

Children come to me, mamma, —
Children with the sweetest eyes;
And their dress is like the star
That you showed me in the skies.

O mamma, mamma! I see
That Good Shepherd who has died, —
Died, you know, mamma, for me!
He is standing by my side!

In his bosom, see, I lie!
I am going up the blue.
Just a little while, good-by!
He will come, mamma, for you.

For the Child at Home.

KEEP CLOSE TO THE ROCK ABOVE.

It had been a time of picnics with us; and now, for this last of the season, — a union Sabbath-school festival, — a most charming grove had been selected. I will not describe it: you shall fancy it, — a leafy roof, a mossy carpet, with just enough of autumn in the air to loosen a leaf now and then, and bring it to our feet, *blushing* that it should seem the first to forsake the mother-tree.

There they sat, that multitude of children, some with faces toward the platform of speakers, but more, we fear, with thoughts, if not faces, turned to survey the prospect in the rear, whose main attraction lay in the long, white table there. For it was near the dinner-hour; and the speeches, as yet, had been but illy calculated to enchain the minds of children, already filled with visions of bonbons and pyramid-cakes. At length, our speaker arose. He made no apology, no introduction, but began at once his simple story: —

"A great way off from here, there is a country (you have seen it on your maps, children) that the people call Switzerland, — a beautiful country, full of high mountains, of frozen rivers, and of deep, green valleys. Well, a great many years ago, a wicked tyrant wished to make slaves of the free, happy people who lived in these valleys, and make their mountains and rivers and homes his own.

"And he marched against them with a great army. But these people had brave hearts. They would not lose their freedom with no attempt to save it; and, when they knew that the tyrant was coming, they sent all their wives and children away to a strong fort, and prepared to meet the enemy courageously.

"It was the night before the expected battle, and all was in readiness for the morrow; when it was discovered that one little boy, through a misunderstanding, had been left behind. He was not in the strong fort. When his father knew of this, he was very sad; for the fort was many miles away, and he could not be spared to go with his little son; while, if he

remained there, who would care for him if his parent should be slain in the battle?

"The father knew that his little boy must go; and so that night, while the boy was asleep, he sat down and made out a chart, a minute chart, of all the road over which he must go to reach the distant fort. Oh, how anxiously that father labored far into the night to have every crook, every turn, of the road



made perfectly plain! In the morning, he told his boy that he must go all alone; but he placed in his hands the chart which he had made, and assured him there was contained in it all needful directions for the journey: if he would only follow that, there could be no danger; he could not wander. So the little boy set out. For a long time, he went along cheerful and happy. He was perfectly sure he was in the right; for, so far, it had been a straight path, and the only way. But at length he began to doubt. A high hill rose up before him, which seemed a mountain as he came nearer. A high rock was on one side of this hill, and, just below, a frightful precipice, with only a very, very narrow path between; so narrow, that he was sure he could not pass. Then his heart began to fail him. He must have made a mistake, he thought; he must have wandered from the way; when, just at the side, he espied another path, which seemed to lead around the hill. 'This, then, is the path for me,' he thought; and was just following it, when he bethought himself of his chart. He would let that decide. He took it from his bosom, and looked at it long and carefully. But no: he was right before. There was drawn the same high rock, the same deep precipice, and, near by, the emphatic injunction, 'Keep close to the rock above!'

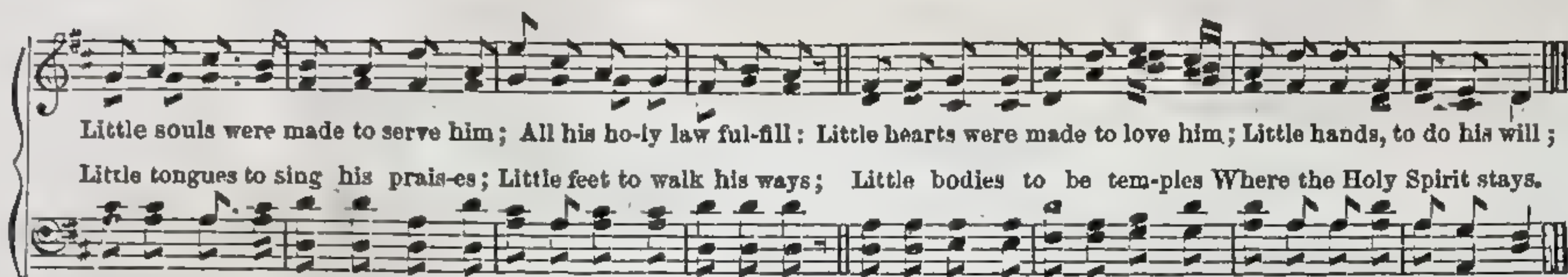
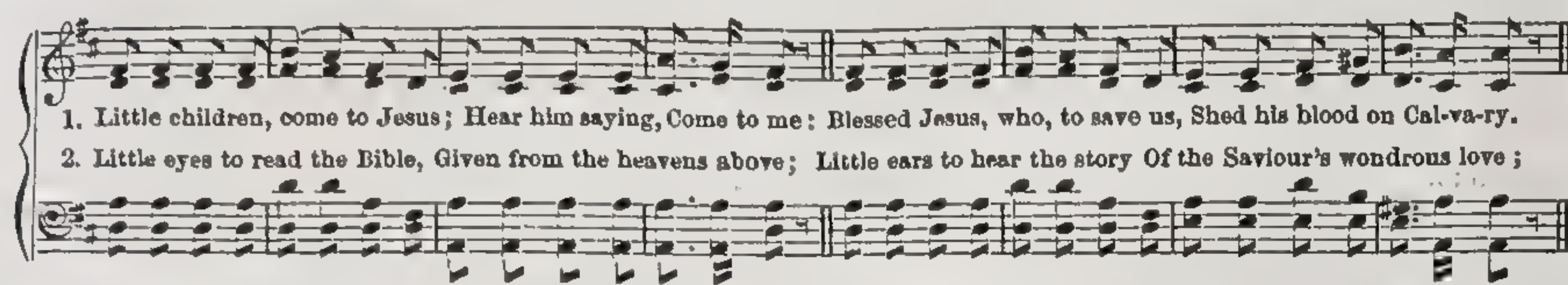
"And the little boy did so, and went on, consulting and following his faithful chart, until it brought him to his mother and brothers and sisters in safety."

The speaker paused; and I am sure there was among the children not an eye but looked into his, not a mind but was guiltless of a lingering thought of the waiting dinner.

"Children," he continued, "you all know, do you not, of 'The Rock of Ages,' — the Rock which is higher than we, the *Rock above*? In that is our hope. For we are all, I trust, on our way to a city of refuge, journeying in a narrow, hidden path. And when our way seems blind and obscure, when obstacles rise up, and it seems so narrow that we must turn back into a way plainer to our eyes, let us always, then, consult the Holy Bible, that 'our Father

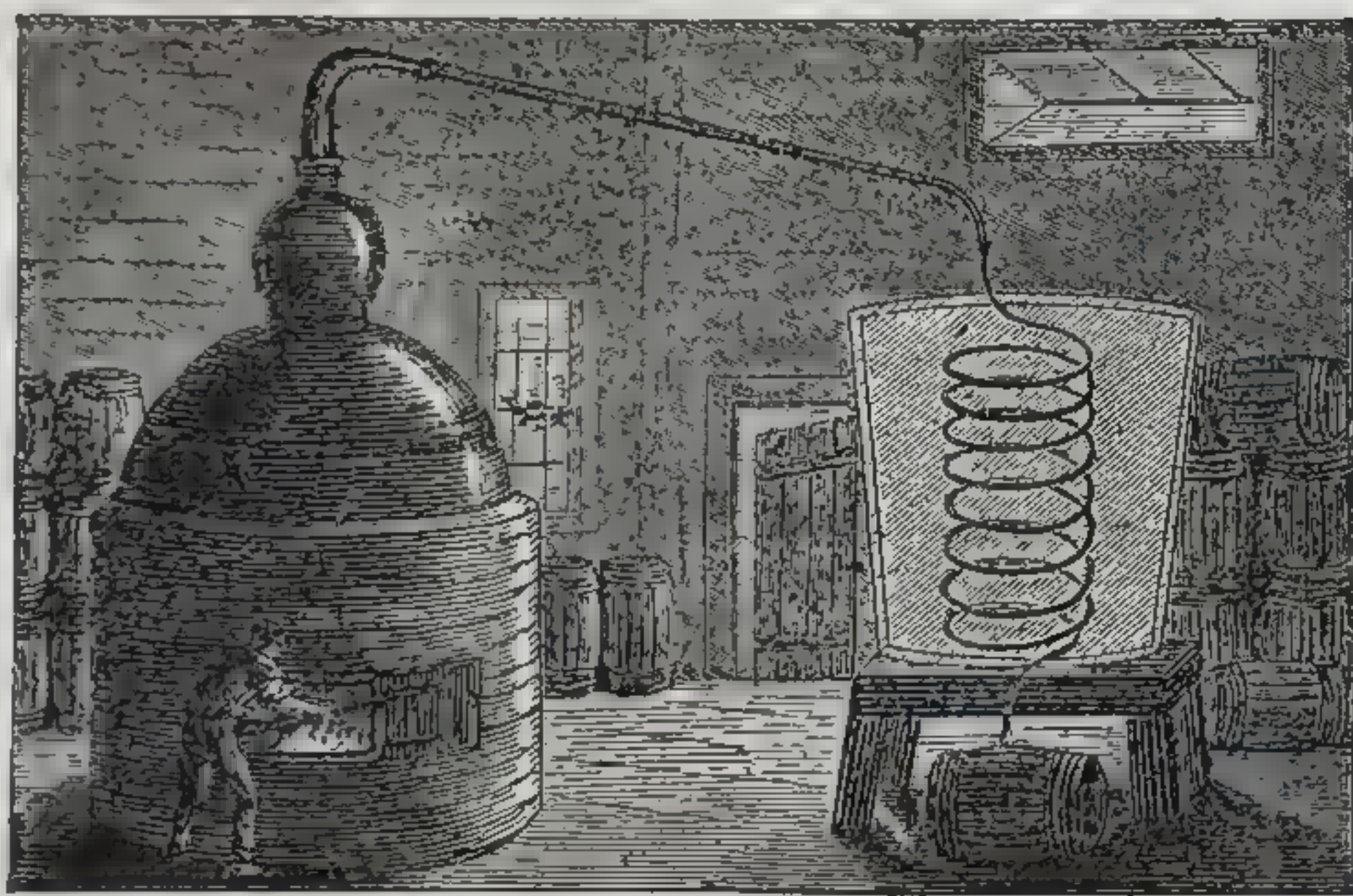
LITTLE CHILDREN, COME TO JESUS.

From the "MUSICAL PIONEER," by permission.



which is in heaven' has given us, *our chart* through the journey of life; and we shall find the direction written there, plain, unvarying, 'Keep close to the Rock above.'

Quis.



For the Child at Home.

HOW THEY KILL PEOPLE WITH GRAIN.

"Why, that can't be!" you say. "The nice sweet rye and wheat that our bread is made of doesn't kill people."

But look at that furnace, with a large copper vessel over it called a "still." Have you ever been in a distillery where they make whisky or gin? The sweet grain is ground into flour, and then mixed with warm water in large vats, or tubs, where it stands till it gets sour. Then it is poured into the still: a hot fire is made in the furnace under it, and the alcohol of the sour mixture is drawn off in the form of steam, just as steam comes out of the spout of a tea-kettle.

When the steam, or vapor, comes out of the still, it passes into a coil of pipe called the "worm." This is placed in a large tub of cold water; and the alcohol, passing into it, becomes cooled, and forms drops of liquid, and runs into the tub or cask set to catch it. This is called distilling spirit.

This is the way they kill people with grain; for the poor drunkard, after he forms the habit of drinking whisky and other poisonous drinks, can not easily stop till both body and soul are destroyed.

Do you believe, children, that God made the beautiful grain to be used so? Then promise now, while you are young, to let intoxicating liquors alone all your life long.

LIBERALITY AND GENEROSITY.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D.D.

"Who is the best boy in school?" said Mr. Marlow to his son Albert. Albert, as he was wont, had climbed up on his father's knees to have a brief chat before going to bed.

"I don't know, sir," said Albert. "James Means is the most generous boy in school."

"How does that appear?"

"Well, sir, he gives away every thing he has."

"And, in consequence, he has neither shoes nor hat."

"Oh, no! his shoes are always new, or like new ones; and his hat also."

"Then he doesn't give away every thing he has?"

"No, sir: he don't give away his clothes nor his money."

"But you said just now that he gave away every thing he had."

"I didn't mean every thing. I meant that he gives away a great many things."

"You should say what you mean. You think James is generous because he gives away a great many things. Your facts show that he is liberal; but they do not make it certain that he is generous."

"Are not liberality and generosity the same?"

"Not exactly. A man's liberality may not be the result of his generosity."

"I don't think," said Albert's brother Edward, who was nearly eighteen years old, "that there is much generosity about young Means. His father gives him all the money he asks for. He buys a great many things, and gives away part of them. His giving never costs him any self-denial. He knows it makes him popular."

"He is probably a free-hearted boy, and, it may be, generous also; but you have not given any certain evidence of his generosity."

"Will father please tell me what it is to be generous?"

"There were, many years ago, two boys of about the same age in the same class at school, and they both studied for the highest prize. The one was the son of rich parents; the other, of a poor widow. When the examination-day came, the rich man's son overheard the widow's son say that he didn't think he was the best scholar in the class, and that he should not care for the prize if his mother had not set her heart on his getting it. In course of the examination, both missed the same question. When the examination was near its close, the rich man's son was asked a question which he knew how to answer; but he suffered it to pass him, in order that the widow's son might get the prize. That was an act of generosity."

"There was a similar case in the last school I attended," said Robert. "A boy got out a hard problem in algebra, and then went and showed his rival how to do it. His rival confessed that he had given it up."

"That boy will grow up a noble man. I have observed that a noble boy makes a noble man; and a mean boy, a mean man."

"Can a boy be a mean boy and a good boy?" said James.

"He can have some kinds of goodness. A boy may have some good and some bad qualities."

"Samuel Archer is a very mean boy; but I heard the teacher say that he was a good, honest boy."

"Does he study well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he truthful?"

"Yes, sir: the boys say he is mean, but that he won't lie."

"In what respect is he mean?"

"He is so stingy and selfish."

"Selfishness is bad; but, if one is truthful and industrious, he can hardly be called mean. It is time for my boy to go to bed."

For the Child at Home.

BIBLE DOCTRINES.

A CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN.

If the children who read this paper will learn perfectly the answers in this little catechism, I have no doubt their parents will be very glad to ask them the questions.

Question. Who is the Saviour of the world?

Answer. Jesus Christ.

Q. Can you give a proof-text?

A. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

Q. Do all need a Saviour?

A. They do; because they are by nature sinful and lost.

"We all . . . were by nature children of wrath" (Eph. ii. 3).

Q. Is Jesus Christ able to save sinners?

A. He can save even the most sinful.

"He is able, also, to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him" (Heb. vi. 25).

Q. Is he willing to save?

A. He longs to save us, and for this end came into the world, and suffered and died.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15).

Q. Is Jesus Christ truly God?

A. He is.

"For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily" (Col. ii. 9).

Q. Is he truly man?

A. He is.

"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men,—the man Christ Jesus" (1 Tim. ii. 5).

Q. Why should we be thankful that he is truly God?

A. Because he has power to forgive sins, and to do all for us that God can do.

"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18).

Q. Why should we be thankful that he is truly man?

A. Because we can feel that he is our brother, and that we may be made like him in glory.

"For we have not a high-priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. iv. 15).

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD AT HOME

Is published monthly by

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 28 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

TERMS.—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address	\$0 30
Six " " " "	1 00
Fifty " " " "	7 50
One hundred " " " "	12 00

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.

Less than twenty-five copies at the rate of fifty cents per annum.
Twenty-five copies or over, at the rate of forty cents per annum.

The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter,—large packages in the same ratio,—is to be paid at the office of delivery.

Articles intended for insertion in this paper may be addressed to Rev. I. P. WARREN, Secretary, or Rev. L. S. POTWIN, Assistant Secretary, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Orders for packages to be sent from New-York City by any other conveyance than by mail should be directed to Rev. A. C. FRISSELL, 13 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

All other orders for the paper should be addressed to R. F. CUMMINGS, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Geo. C. Rand & Avery, 3 Cornhill, Boston.



VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1867.

NO. 10.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



IS HE PROUD?

I AM not sure but the peacock has been abused; for who has not said that this beautiful bird is exceedingly vain? If the charge is not true, it is very ungenerous; for the peacock is a stranger among us, brought here without his own consent, and therefore entitled to kindness as well as hospitality. His native home is India (the Ophir of the Bible); whence the ships of Solomon brought peacocks to Palestine, many hundred years ago. In the forests of India these birds are found in great numbers, wild, at the present day; and they are covered with a more brilliant plumage than any that you see in America.

It is true that the peacock spreads his tail, and seems to strut proudly about the yard; but so does the turkey. And the rooster shows quite as much pride in his way, crowing, and flapping his wings. I suspect that the reason why we call the peacock

so very proud is because we judge him from ourselves. We think, that, if we looked as prettily as he does, we should be proud. Isn't that the reason?

So the next time, my little reader, that you see one of these gorgeously-colored creatures, you needn't say, "O Mr. Peacock, how proud you are how grandly you feel!" but say this, "Oh, how proud and vain I should be if I were as beautiful as you!"

You may learn something from the peacock, if you will only remember that it is *you*, and not he, who have a soul, and know what is right and wrong. Æsop, a poor heathen slave, who lived before the time of Christ, wrote several instructive fables about peacocks. Here is one:—

"The peacock and the crane by chance met together in the same place. The peacock, erecting his tail, displayed his gaudy plumes, and looked with contempt upon the crane as some mean, ordi-

nary person. The crane, resolving to mortify his insolence, took occasion to say that peacocks were fine birds indeed, if fine feathers could make them so; but that he thought it a much nobler thing to be able to rise above the clouds than to strut about upon the ground and be gazed at by children."

Here is another, showing that it is better to be useful than to be handsome:—

"The birds met together upon a time to choose a king; and the peacock, standing candidate, displayed his gaudy plumes, and caught the eyes of the silly multitude with the richness of his feathers.

"The majority declared for him, and clapped their wings with great applause; but, just as they were going to proclaim him, the magpie stepped forth in the midst of the assembly, and addressed himself thus to the new king:—

"May it please your majesty elect to permit one of your unworthy subjects to represent to you his suspicions and apprehensions in the face of this whole congregation. We have chosen you for our king; we have put our lives and fortunes into your hands; and our whole hope and dependence is upon you. If, therefore, the eagle or the vulture or the kite should at any time make a descent upon us,—as it is highly probable they will,—may your majesty be so gracious as to dispel our fears and clear our doubts about that matter by letting us know how you intend to defend us against them."

"This pithy, unanswerable question drew the whole audience into so just a reflection, that they soon resolved to proceed to a new choice; but from that time the peacock has been looked upon as a vain, insignificant pretender, and the magpie esteemed as eminent a speaker as any among the whole community of birds."

The Bible does not say any thing against the peacock, any more than against the beautiful "lilies of the field." The Lord said to Job, "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" This fowl is one of the beautiful things that God has made from the love of beauty. He has no conscience, and can not offend his Maker by sinful pride. I wish all boys and girls could be as free from this sin as the peacock is.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE BENNY.

"Pease, auntie, I want to do down stairs now!"

"But you must wait, Benny, until I am quite ready, and not be so impatient."

Benny, who had gone to bed when the chickens did, had awaked almost as early; and he had long wished that auntie needed no more time for dressing than the birds, or his little dog Jumper. He wished there were no teeth to be brushed, and no waterfalls to make.

But auntie, who loved Benny very much, knew that it would do him no harm to wait.

She was accustomed not only to dress herself nicely, but to kneel in humble prayer, and commit herself to the keeping of a kind Father for the day.

She would ask God to bless her, and make her useful; to bless Benny, and make him truly good; to bless Benny's dear sick mamma and his pa and little sister.

"Pease, auntie, don't stop to say payers 'is mornin'," continued the little boy. But auntie endeavored to teach him that such duties must *never* be neglected.

She told him that we needed to have God take care of us every hour and every moment in the day, and we must *ask* him to do it.

She told him, that as we are liable to go astray, and do naughty things, so we must ask God to help us to be good.

But Benny could not be satisfied with all this delay: so, rising up suddenly in bed, he turned himself over upon his knees, and, with much more haste than devotion, he said,—

"Pease, Dod, bess auntie, and mate her a dood auntie all 'is day. Pease, Dod, bess papa, and my dear sit mamma, and my little sister Izzy. Pease bess Benny, and teep us all dood for Jesus' sate. Amen!"

"There, auntie; now you need not pay," said Benny, who thought his hasty prayer would do just as well.

Not so with his good auntie; and Benny knew very well, as she knelt by his bedside, that not even a rustle of the bed-clothes must disturb her devotions. As her sweet and tender tones breathed forth the language of a devout and loving heart, his unquiet spirit was hushed; and he felt that the dear Saviour, to whom auntie was speaking, must be very near, although even his own bright eyes could not see him.

Dear little reader, Benny is not the only one who thinks it will do just as well for others to pray for us.

There are a great many thousand people in this country, and in other lands too, who pay a great deal of money to their priests if they will pray for them. They pay money to their priests too, if they will pray for the souls of their dear friends who are dead.

Now, my dear children, if you do not pray for *yourselves*, you can never expect God to bless you, and forgive your sins.

If you are not good children while you *live*, it will do no good for all the good people in the world to pray for you when you are *dead*.

The Bible, which you know is God's own word, teaches us that the characters which we form here in this world will be the same for ever.

If we are good when we die, we shall be better and better; if we are wicked when we die, we shall grow worse and worse.

How important, then, that you hear the voice of the dear Saviour, who says to-day, just as he did when he was here on earth, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" F. D. H.

For the Child at Home.

HARRY'S PRAYER.

It was near the close of a pleasant spring afternoon, when a little band of sisters met together to pray for the descent of God's Holy Spirit upon the Church of Christ with which they were connected.

As one voice after another was lifted in earnest prayer, it seemed that Jesus was very near, and about to bestow a great blessing.

The lady at whose house they met had permitted her little boy, an interesting child of three years, to be present during the meeting; and he had selected his seat upon a sofa at a short distance from his mother's chair.

With evident interest, he watched each petitioner, until he heard the voice of his loved mother calling upon God; then, quietly sliding from his seat, he went to her chair, and knelt by her side.

When she had finished, and was about to rise, the little fellow prevented her doing so by placing his arms tightly about her neck.

She made several ineffectual attempts to remove him; until at length, understanding his wish, she again bowed her head, while the sweet child-voice of the little boy audibly prayed,—

"O Lord, take my naughty heart away, and give me a good heart, for Christ's sake. Amen."

This simple prayer of little Harry added great interest to that meeting; and it seemed as if, at that very moment, Christ was indeed present.

The child's countenance showed that he felt that he had done his part, and the look of anxiety which he had before worn was exchanged for one of joyful radiance.

Who that heard the petition could help praying that little Harry's heart might be cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus? H.



A NEW KIND OF BUREAU.

Can our little readers remember what they were doing last May Day? We are sure that some of them can, although it was a good while ago.

What a pleasant way they have of doing good at the Phillips Sabbath School, Watertown, Mass. Last year, on May Day, they had a celebration, and sent to the Tract House a basket of curious nuts for the freedmen to crack. Two years before, they sent a basket of flowers, which turned out to be greenbacks!

This year, they had another celebration; and you will get some idea of what they did from our picture. It seems that they believe in the Freedmen's Bureau; and so they concluded to have one of their own.

They filled it too. The drawers were filled with the offerings of the school, and the beautifully decorated arch over the bureau was hung with the same kind of offerings. Do you see the little bags hanging there? Each boy and girl brought one filled with pennies or bills, amounting in all to thirty-one dollars and forty cents; and with the money was a written motto in each bag. It was very interesting and amusing to read these; and, if our paper were four times as large as it is, we might print them for you. It was a happy day. So thought Rev. Dr. Child, one of the Secretaries of this Society, who was there; and so the freedmen will think, who enjoy the benefits of that new kind of "Freedmen's Bureau."

For the Child at Home.

GRUMBLING.—SINGING.

"I'm tired of living in this dark, chilly place," said a rain-drop, as it lay in the hollow of a great leaf. "I don't see *why* that big bush was put there so as to hide the sun from me; and I don't see *why* I was put here at all. I was made to float about in a cloud. I have not seen the sky these many weeks. It is getting awful cold too: I shall be frozen to death if I stay here much longer. Oh, if I was only up in that big tree! This morning, I heard some ladies pass; and one said, 'Oh, see! how pretty the rain-drops look as they hang on the branches in the sunlight!' I could look bright and pretty, too, if I were there."

"I don't want to look bright and pretty," said a little drop, as it fell from a leaf into a tiny stream that was trickling down a rock. "We've all got to help in a great work; and each one must do *something*, and just as much as he possibly can."

Patter, patter! I heard the sound of little footsteps tripping through the grove. Soon a little girl appeared; and I wondered if she had heard the talk of the rain-drops; for she sang,—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the world above."

"I'm glad mother taught me that verse," she said; "and I'm glad Mrs. Somers gave me that orange. I am glad, too, that I thought to give it to sick Kitty; for she said, 'Oh! it's just what I've been longing for;' and then I felt so happy! And, when I go there mornings to comb her hair and sing a little song, she says, 'What a comfort you are to me, Nelly!' I don't care *now* if I don't live in a big house. Our dark lane looks bright *now*. And the minister said something one day about Jesus being the Sun of Righteousness, and shining into such dark homes, and making even the children feel his love, and feel, too, that he has put them here to do some good, and that doing so makes them happy. I believe it; and Kitty does too. She has lain so long a-bed in that dark room! yet I never hear her say, 'Oh, how long it is since I have seen the bright sun or the blue sky!' Yet *once* I used to grumble, and wish I were a rich little girl that could have every thing she wanted; but I had not learned about Jesus then, and that *he did not come into the world to enjoy himself*, but to do good and suffer and die." M. P. H.

For the Child at Home.

EDITH LINDEN'S PRIZE.

Edith's real home was in the Far West, on one of the broad, rolling prairies; but, at the time of which I write, she was visiting her Aunt Mary, in the city of C—, in order that she might have better opportunities for obtaining an education. At the close of one bright afternoon, she came, with slow step and unhappy countenance, into her auntie's pleasant sitting-room, exclaiming, "There, Aunt Mary, I am discouraged! It does seem as if, the harder I try, the worse I succeed."

"What is the matter, darling?" asked her auntie.

"Why, to-day I have stammered and missed in every one of my lessons. I suppose there is no hope now for my getting the prize; and I did want it so much! You know how nicely I succeeded last term; but now I hear the girls saying, 'I don't see what is the trouble with Edith Linden: she used to be an excellent scholar; but she misses almost every day lately. I guess she won't get the prize.' And then they laugh, and it makes me feel so badly! for I know I never tried so hard before."

"Edith," said her aunt gently, "have you asked God to help you in your lessons?"

"Asked God to help me in my lessons, auntie? What a queer idea! I should not think it would be right to ask him for such little things."

"Certainly it is, Edith," answered Aunt Mary. "Let me tell you a little about my own life. When I was of your age, I was as earnest and troubled about my lessons as yourself. One evening in particular, I remember, I was very much disheartened. The next day was the Sabbath. The sermon was to the children; and, among the words of truth that fell from the lips of our pastor, one sentence I shall never forget. 'Children,' said he, 'be not afraid to ask God for the little things of life which you desire, as well as for the great ones. God is just as willing to help you in your lessons as he is to grant any great thing to us grown-up children.'"

"Always, since then, I have asked God to help me in all my undertakings; and he has done it. Now, darling, I want you to keep on trying earnestly, and ask God to give you wisdom to enable you to learn and to recite your lessons perfectly; and you know, 'whatsoever ye shall ask in faith, believing, ye shall receive.'"

"I will try, auntie," was Edith's only reply. And she did try, and wonderfully was help granted to her; for, at the close term, not only was she first in each one of her studies, but she was announced to be the possessor of the first prize.

Children, will not you all ask God to help you, not only in your lessons, but in each one of your duties, and especially in doing right?—remembering that "he that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Morna May.

For the Child at Home.

A SHADOW.

I met a little girl on the street the other day who was looking at her shadow as she walked along. It is not for me to say what she was thinking about; but it set me to thinking.

One of the things I thought of was this: We can not help casting a shadow whenever we are in the sunlight. We may run; but we can not run away from it: we may crouch down on the ground; but the shadow goes down with us. We may shut our eyes; but others will see the shadow if we do not. And how curiously this image of ourselves imitates our motions! Did you ever see two boys fighting in the sunlight? Oh, what shadows they cast! If any of my little readers are so foolish and wicked as to come to blows with each other, I hope they will cast a side-glance at their shadows, and I think they will stop at once.



It is a fact, that other people can sometimes see our shadows better than we can. When you turn to look at it squarely, the picture changes. It's not very easy for little girls to get a correct shadow-view of their own pouting lips.

I know very well that shadows do not always give correct views. When the sun is low, a child will throw a giant-shadow, that stalks along over fields and fences and brooks in a way that would be fearful if it were a thing of substance; but it is

your own image, after all, copying and magnifying your gait and form. If you want to know how accurate a shadow can possibly be, just look at your photograph; for that is a sort of shadow carefully caught and fixed by the skill of the artist.

We may learn a great deal from our shadows. A boy who sees a pair of very stooping shoulders always going beside him when the sun shines may learn to straighten himself up. Then our characters cast shadows in the opinions which other people have of us. These opinions may not be altogether correct, like the shadows near sunset; but we may learn something from them. If people say, "There goes a boy that tells lies," you may feel very much annoyed, and think it's too long and dark a shadow for you; yet it would be well for you to look out for your tongue in future, and the shadow will change.

I will close, then, by giving you this one rule: *If you want to change your shadow, change yourself.*

Lisp.

For the Child at Home.

"MAMMA, IS IT DARK IN HEAVEN?"

Dear little Lulu asked this question in the night when she awoke to take her milk. She had not been well for some days; and there seemed some defect in her eyes; for, even in broad sunlight, she had complained that she could not see.

It was so pleasant for mamma to be able to say, "No, darling: it will not be dark in heaven. 'There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light.'"

The little one was satisfied, and lay down quietly and fell asleep again. Oh! it is blessed to hear this assertion from the lips of One whose word we can fully trust, and with sweet confidence to rest in this promise.

When the night of some great sorrow comes upon us, and when, even in the sunlight, we see but obscurity, we may look up to our divine Parent, and ask, with a sort of despair, "Is it dark in heaven?" And our Father will answer us with the same glorious assurance, "The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

And shall we not be content with this answer, and restfully await the coming of that eternal brightness?

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

MARY'S DREAM.

"O mother!" said little Mary one morning soon after the death of a dear sister, "I've had such a beautiful dream! I was looking at a more beautiful garden than I ever saw when awake; and a sweet voice said,—

"This belongs to your sister Elia, who is now in paradise; but the seeds were all planted in it while she lived on earth. See that beautiful vine, which climbs up so high that you can not see the top! That is Love; and it reaches even to the throne of God."

"Oh, oh!" I said, "how wonderfully good she must have been!" And the voice said, "No; not any more than you can be, little Mary. The seeds of that beautiful vine took root some years ago, while little Elia sat by her baby-brother, and tried to amuse him for so many hours while her mother was busy. But those little buds of love did not fully unfold on earth: yet you see how beautiful they are now; for we angels saw that Elia was trying to lay up treasures in heaven, and we helped her. Now, little Mary, will not you try too?"

"Oh, yes, I will!" I said; and, mother, I mean to," said Mary. "I didn't know before that this was laying up treasures in heaven: but it is; isn't it, mother?"

"I think so, my dear," replied her mother; "for if we do not begin to love God here, and to do the things which please him here, how can we expect to do so hereafter?"

M. P. H.



"WASN'T SELFISH."

"Now let's play hide-and-seek," proposed Benny.

The luxuriant shrubbery of the great front yard where we were, as well as that of the garden adjoining, afforded tempting facilities for such a game. So Benny was sent to count two hundred aloud behind the great hall-door, with eyes shut and ears stopped, while we were hiding ourselves. Away we flew, among vines and bushes, wherever the foliage was so dense that white drapery and blue ribbons were not likely to gleam through. Cousin Henry knew every nook and corner where we might safely hide; and before Benny's voice had told the portentous "two hundred," which announced his coming, we were all out of sight. It was wonderful how little Benny seemed to know of any possible hiding-places for us; and how, instead of beating up the currant-bushes and peeping behind the lilacs and young evergreens, he persisted in gazing up into tall maple-trees and elms as if he were hunting squirrels or birds. To be sure, he did spy Cousin Henry perched up there aloft before he found a single one of us; which of course settled it that Cousin Henry must be the seeker in our next game. We girls had only the easy and funny part to do from first to last, thanks to their management.

At length the sun went down, and the grass began to be too damp for out-door sports. So we came, all panting and glowing with our frolic, to throw ourselves down on the steps of the porch, where Mrs. Lane sat in her little sewing-chair, with her basket of work at her side. And there we had a pleasant little talk. It seemed just as natural to tell Cousin Henry whatever we had been doing and learning since we came to Hillside Farm, or what we wanted to do still, as if he had been our own brother Frank. I found he could tell me a great many things that were interesting about plants and flowers; and, better still, he promised to give me some lessons in drawing. He had often spent time in New York, too; and he helped us describe to Grace and Benny some of the famous places there. So the moments passed very quickly till the first stars of evening shone out in the clear sky, and we knew it was time for us to go home.

Before I went to bed, I sat down to write in my journal. "I shall never forget the good time we have had to-night," said I to myself as I read it all over before putting away the book. But just then there came to mind certain matters not mentioned there, which I would gladly have forgotten,—the wrong temper I had indulged that morning and the night before. It mortified me as I remembered it. I seemed to see myself in a rather new and not at



VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

NO. 11.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING IN AMERICA.

Who does not love the family feast-day, the harvest-festival of the year, — good old Thanksgiving? But some do not know how old it is. Let me tell you.

When did the Pilgrims first land at Plymouth?

"Dec. 21, 1620."

Yes: in the cold and snow and ice of midwinter, they found their home in this New World. Manfully they struggled on through the terrible season, till spring smiled upon them; and, trusting in God, they put their first seed in the ground.

Some of this seed was Indian corn. Do you know how they found it? About a month before they discovered Plymouth, while they were on shore at Cape Cod, a party went out exploring; and this is a part of what one of them wrote about the expedition: —

"There was also a heap of sand which we dugged up, and in it we found a little old basket full of Indian corn; and digged further, and found a fine great new basket, full of very fair corn of this year, with some six and thirty goodly ears of corn, some yellow and some red, and others mixed with blue;

which was a very goodly sight. The basket was round, and narrow at the top. It held about three or four bushels, which was as much as two of us could lift up from the ground; and was very handsomely and cunningly made."

Don't you think they were pleased with such a "goodly sight"? They took all the "six and thirty goodly ears," put a good deal of the loose corn into a kettle they found there for two men to carry, and then filled their pockets, and buried the rest again. Six months afterward, when they found the Indians that owned the corn, they paid them for it. So they did not steal it.

About two weeks after, they found more buried corn; so that they had, in all, about ten bushels, "which," they said, "will serve us sufficiently for seed." They added, "And sure it was God's good providence that we found this corn; for else we know not how we should have done."

This was the way they got their seed-corn. They planted it in early spring; and when the summer was over, and beautiful October came, they found that God had blessed the first labor of their hands.

Edward Winslow (afterward governor) wrote in December to a "loving and old friend" in England, —

"We set, the last spring, some twenty acres of Indian corn, and sowed some six acres of barley and pease. . . . Our corn did prove well; and, God be praised! we had a good increase of Indian corn."

Would you like to read his description of the harvest-festival? —

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl, as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms; many of the Indians coming amongst us, and, among the rest, their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed on our garrison and upon the captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

Noble men! contented, thankful, and joyful in their wilderness home! And what nice thanksgiving-feasts they had on venison and wild turkeys! I would

like to have seen them at their tables. Don't you wonder what the Pilgrim children had to say about the dinner?

They did not at this time appoint a day for public thanksgiving and worship. This they did two years afterward, when God delivered them from great distress because of a long drought. They could not then be satisfied with private thanksgiving; but a day was set apart for public services. Gov. Winslow wrote, "We returned glory, honor, and praise, with all thankfulness, to our good God, which dealt so graciously with us."

Thanksgiving Day is a good time, not only for happy feasting at home, but for both old and young to remember the mercies of "our good God," to our fathers, and to the country which we have inherited from them.

Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations. Ps. c. 3-5.



For the Child at Home.

DEAR GRANDPAPA.

About two weeks ago, Lulu, a sweet little cousin of mine, not quite four years old, was walking with her mamma and sister Freddie, who is a little older than Lulu, in our beautiful village cemetery; while their mamma read the inscriptions, and pointed out to them the many names of familiar faces known and loved in her childhood and girlhood, but to be seen no more in this world. They came at last to the pretty family lot. "There," said Mrs. Albion, "is the grave of your dear grandpa," pointing, as she spoke, to the green, turf-covered mound, where her own father had been laid to rest.

"Dear grandpa!" said little Lulu. "I could most kiss his grave!"

"Could you 'most kiss his grave?'" said her mother in a loving and affectionate tone.

"Yes; see!" and little Lulu knelt beside the grave, and gently laid her little hands above his breast, and lovingly kissed the beautiful and sacred covering of his face. Partly rising, she again bent down, and kissed it more tenderly than before.

"Will you tell your dear grandma, when we go home, that you kissed grandpa's grave?" said her mother.

"The dear grandma who is 'most ready to go to Jesus?" said Lulu, looking earnestly into her mamma's face.

"Yes," said her mamma: "will you tell her that you kissed grandpa's grave *two times*?"

"No," said Lulu decidedly; "but I will tell her I kissed it twice; I think *that* will sound better."

Jessie.

For the Child at Home.

EDDIE'S SERMON.

Eddie Jones (a little colored boy) knocked timidly at Mrs. Ray's door, and begged for a piece of bread for his sick mother. Mrs. Ray knew, that, when Eddie's mother was well, she was very industrious, and made her family comfortable; and she was quite ready to comply with the little boy's request, and give her a helping hand, now that she was unable to work. Accordingly, she took a loaf of bread, wrapped it in a paper, and gave it to Eddie; but, just as he was taking his leave, she remembered that he was probably hungry. She called him back, seated him at the table, and gave him a plate of cold griddle-cakes, with sirup poured over them. Eddie ate them with infinite relish; and, when he had finished the last mouthful, he said, "These cakes are so good, it 'pears like as if the Lord had given 'em to me; and I thank Mrs. Ray too." Eddie didn't think of preaching a sermon when he said these words; but they answered the purpose of one to little Sarah Ray, who was standing by the table where he was eating; for they made her think how many more blessings she enjoyed than Eddie did, and, alas! how much less grateful she had been to God. So far from thanking him for her food, she remembered that the very day before, at dinner, she had pushed away from her, in displeasure, a plate of pudding, because there were no raisins in it. It was a small action; and perhaps, although she knew it grieved her kind mother, she never would have

thought of it again if Eddie's words had not roused her conscience. If he was so grateful, she thought, for the crumbs which fell from her father's luxurious table, how sinful it was for her ever to complain! She felt very much ashamed and reprov'd; and from that time, by God's assistance, her conduct in this particular was much improved: and as reformation in one respect often leads to the correction of numerous faults, so it happened, in this case, that Sarah not only felt more thankful for her own comforts, but she was more compassionate, and thoughtful of those who were in want and distress, and willing sometimes to deny herself that she might relieve them. I have written this *true* story from the suspicion that some of the readers of "The Child at Home" may need just such a sermon as Eddie, and with the hope that they will profit by it as much as did Sarah Ray.

M.

For the Child at Home.

AS SIMPLE AS A LITTLE CHILD.

As simple as a little child,
So Jesus taught his own to be:
Would, Lord, that, in our 'most faith,
We were like such and thee!

The baby, tottering at my knee,
Looks up undoubting when I speak,
And clasps my finger trustfully,
So conscious he is weak.

I bid him lay the mischief down,
And show a toy, and promise this:
He runs, but, ere he takes the prize,
Offers the answering kiss.

So when, for England's thirsty soil,
The anxious husbandmen would pray,
And gathered to their place of prayer,
As on a sabbath day,

A little maiden, who had deemed
To ask a grace were certain gain,
A large umbrella brought to church,
Because they prayed for rain.

The pastor smiled; not his the faith
That saw the good besought at hand:
No cloud betokened in the sky—
A blessing in the land.

Dear simple child! 'Tis sweet to know
Such faith as hers is not in vain:
E'en while they prayed, the wind rose high,
With lightning and with rain.

O Jesus! teach our hearts to know
In simple trust as pure as hers,
First what to ask, and then to grasp
A faith that never errs.

B. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

TWO PRECIOUS STONES.

"How curious, papa!" said Alfred, standing at the side of his father, who was occupied at his open writing-desk. "When I was at my uncle's, I saw just such a stone in his desk as you have here in yours. Why do you keep these stones? Of what use are they to you?"

"They are of no particular use to us," answered his father; "but we keep them because they are precious stones."

"Precious stones?" said Alfred with astonishment. "Oh, no, papa!" added he, seizing the stone, and examining it. "You must be in jest: that is nothing but a pebble-stone."

"May be," said his father; "but, to your uncle and me, they are precious stones. I will tell you why. When we were boys, we had the bad custom of quarreling often; though, at the bottom of our hearts, we were as fond of each other as brothers ever can be. Our dear mother was very unhappy about this sad habit; and on her death-bed—she died when I was twelve and your uncle eleven years of age—we promised, upon our knees, never to quarrel again: and we meant to keep our promise. And, indeed, during the whole winter which followed the death of our dear mother, we abstained from

every unkind look or word. It was as if her spirit hovered about us, and made it impossible to transgress her wishes so soon. It was a long, cold winter; but a sudden, beautiful spring followed: the wet and sultry air made trees and bushes soon green and flourishing. The first holiday we had was spent in a long walk through fields and woods to seek plants, stones, &c. The beginning of this long-wished-for pleasure was beautiful. Our minds were as serene as the sky over us; but that was not to last. A storm was drawing on in the sky as well as in our minds. There were some differences in our opinions. Bitter, unkind words followed. I snatched some plants from my brother which he had just picked up, and scattered them. He boxed me heavily for this rash and unkind deed. To be short, we were as bad as ever before.

"We had not remarked, in our passion, that the sky had become quite clouded; when suddenly a dreadful thunder-storm broke forth. The rain poured down in torrents. We fled into a little shed which was at hand. Here we stood close together in silence; but our consciences spoke the louder. We had broken our vow; we had given admittance to unkindness and wrath, though we knew that 'who-soever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment.' Could not God destroy us by means of the lightning? and what would become of our souls then? We longed to say the word 'forgive.' Each of us was sorry to have offended the other. We had never been fonder of each other than at this moment; yet we were silent. But when the thunder-storm was over, and we stepped out from the shed, and the still fast-dropping rain fell like a golden veil down upon the sparkling fresh turf, while the sun painted with brilliant colors a rainbow upon the dark background of the thunder-clouds,—this token of peace and forgiveness,—we indulged in a long, long, silent embrace, while hot tears fell from our eyes. When we were about to leave this spot where we had renewed thus silently the vow which we had once made at our mother's death-bed, we found two similar-looking pebble-stones. Your uncle picked them up, gave me one of them, and said, 'Let us keep them as long as we live, that we may never forget what happened here.' We did so. Thank God! it has been our last dispute. I dare say, neither of us ever looked at the stone without a warm feeling, and a blessing for him who possesses the similar one. Now tell me, are not these pebbles precious stones?"

C. S.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA.



For the Child at Home.

BLIND ALICE.

"What, grieving yet, my child, because your papa can not afford you a new dress to wear to your cousin's party? May, how can you let such a trifle vex you, when you have already two or three dresses, all good enough to wear? Only look out into the pleasant sunshine, and listen to the sweet songs of the birds; and how can you feel otherwise than grateful to your heavenly Father for the privileges you this moment enjoy, or might enjoy, instead of being vexed with your kind earthly father because he

does not feel able to afford you the luxury of a new dress just now?—Fy, May! I am ashamed of my little daughter!"

"I don't care," sobbed May. "Kate and Bell and Annie have all got new dresses; and I don't see why I can't have one just as well. I could; if papa only chose to think so."

"Hush, May! your papa knows best. I am truly grieved that you should make so much ado about such a trifle, when you have so many things to make you happy which some other little girls I could mention have not. Come, my dear, it is hardly worth while to lose all this fine morning fretting for what you can not have: it is far more sensible to make the most of what is yours to enjoy."

Just then, there was a low tap at the door; and May hastily wiped her tear-wet face, and brushed back the moist curls from her heated brow.

"Will you please give me a glass of water for my sister?" inquired a lad of some twelve years, as May's mother hastened to the half-open door. "She is very tired and thirsty." And he pointed to a little girl, about May's age, seated in a light hand-wagon, which had evidently been drawn by himself.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Somers pleasantly; "and, if your sister is tired, she had better come in and rest a while."

"Thank you," responded the lad gratefully. "I think she would be glad to come in. She has been sick, and is still very weak. My sister is blind, ma'am," he explained, as he led the little girl carefully into the house; "and so I have to lead her."

"Poor child!" ejaculated Mrs. Somers involuntarily. "Have you been long blind, my dear?" she inquired, taking the little thin hand in hers, and leading the child to an easy-chair close by the open window.

"Only a few weeks, ma'am," replied Alice sadly. "I have hardly got used to it yet; but I suppose I shall in time."

"Dear little sister! She is so patient," said the boy, while tears filled his eyes, "she never complains."

It is a pleasure to wait upon her; she is so loving and gentle, and tries so hard not to make trouble."

"Oh! how could I complain," said Alice sweetly, "when God has brought me through such a dangerous illness?—I was so sick, I never expected to go out again. I thought I should have been laid away in the cold, dark ground, long ago; while here I am still spared to my dear parents and brothers and sisters. And, though I have lost my sight, I can still enjoy the glorious sunshine, the fragrance of the flowers, and the sweet music of the birds. Oh! I have much to be thankful for," she continued fervently, turning her sightless orbs toward the blooming prospect without. "I thank God that he still permits me to live; that he did not take me away when I was so unprepared to go."

"O ma'am!" spoke up Alice's brother very earnestly, "my sister would make you believe that she was very wicked. But indeed she was always good, even before she was sick."

"Hush, Walter!" entreated Alice. "you know I am not good. Walter is so partial!" she added, smiling. "I am sure I ought to be thankful for such a dear brother as I have, he is always so eager to wait upon me. But mamma will be anxious; we must go, Walter," said Alice, rising. "We are boarding at Mrs. Avery's for the summer. You must come and see me often: I shall be so glad to see you!"

May pressed her lips to the blind girl's cheek, assuring her that they should meet often; and Mrs.

Somers, who felt a motherly interest in the little stranger, urged the brother and sister to visit them soon again.

"O mother, what a lesson!" sobbed May, as the little carriage, drawn by the loving brother, disappeared down the street. "Shall I ever be ungrateful again, or cry and scold because I can't have a new dress just when I want it?"

May looked heartily ashamed of herself; and Mrs. Somers, thinking she was already sufficiently mortified, forbore to add further reproof.

Seizing her little straw hat, May walked out in the sunshiny garden, and seated herself in the shadow of a grand old elm-tree, drinking in deep draughts of the pure air and golden sunshine, and inhaling the sweet breath of the flowers, her heart thrilling in tune with the delicious bird-music; every sense keenly alive to Nature's sights and sounds as they had never been before. She had been blind and deaf to all these only an hour ago, and now she felt like one newly restored to sight and hearing.

Ah! there are too many little Mays in the world who need some blind Alice to help them appreciate their blessings.

How is it with you, little reader?

Dewdrop



For the Child at Home.

TRYING AND CRYING.

BY FRANCIS LEE.

Harry had a little, round, wooden box, with thirteen marbles in it; but there was only room for eleven, and that made the trouble.

"Mamma, mamma, see here! See my box! I got too many marbles, and I want to give some away. See this! see here, mamma, mamma! I've got twenty seventeen. I've got too many. I can't put the lid on hard, tight. It is too full. See, mamma! Mamma, see, see!"

Harry's mamma was busy with a little pair of gray cloth pants. "Wasn't I careless not to give Mrs. Le Grand a more particular measure? The binding is a full half-finger too long, measuring by these clothes; and these are plenty large enough for Harry. I shall have to make the back plaits deeper; and cut off some of the binding. Isn't that too bad, when I am in such a hurry to finish them off?" she said.

Aunt Jane was bending forward to look at the work too: so nobody noticed Harry. Don't you think it was a poor time for him to tease just then? I thought so all the while. But he kept on saying the words over and over, just as fast as he could tumble them out of his little mouth.

"Mamma, see; it won't! It is these marbles is too many; just these. One and another one; that's all. These, mamma. The lid won't shut down, and I have to crunch it up together that way; and see, it don't stay! Mamma, see!"

Just then, mamma did see, sure enough; for the last "crunch up" pressed the lid off out of his hand, and down went every marble on to the floor, rolling about as though they were glad enough of a chance to stir once more.

Now, down behind the rocking-chair, by the window, baby-bird was sitting, pounding his swinging-dog against the closet-door, on the carpet, and on the sewing-machine, and saying, "Wah, wah, wah!" all ready, little innocent, to put any thing he might see into his laughing, red mouth,—a bit of stick, or coal, or walnut-shell.—So it would never do for Harry's marbles to be rolling about the floor. And you suppose, that, of course, Harry sprang to pick them up as fast as he could; don't you?

Not he!—He just threw himself on to the floor as though he had been another marble, and cried as hard and loud as he could cry. Did you ever hear of any thing so silly? Crying did not pick up one marble, nor do the least bit of good in any way.

What if Harry's mamma had just thrown down the pants when she found they were wrong, and gone to crying, instead of trying to make them right? How would that have helped any thing?

But I'll tell you, though she did not do that way, I believe we all, large and little, often do a good deal like Harry. And, when I saw how foolish it looked in him, I just made up my mind, that, next time my plans got upset like the box of marbles, instead of stopping to cry about it, I would try to pick them up again as fast and well as I could.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S PHILOSOPHY.

In the early morning twilight, Maggie McGregor, sometimes called Little Sunshine, crept softly out of bed, and, at the imminent risk of freezing her dimpled fingers, worked a passage through the frost on the window-pane, just large enough to admit one big, round, blue eye.

"I spect," she said rather sorrowfully,—"I do spect it's just going to rain; for God has taken in every speck of blue sky." I expected an outburst of tears; but, instead, she gave a funny little sigh, and added hopefully, "Maybe he'll let it all out to-morrow."

Now, a snow-storm to a great many boys and girls is nothing more nor less than a "grand treat." It promises coasting, sleighing, snow-balling, and a score of other pleasures that old Winter always brings in his icy train. But to Little Sunshine it foreboded a sad disappointment. She had been kept in-doors half the winter by a troublesome cold, and had begun days before to repeat, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and then won't we have a splendid time!" Alas! the merry sleigh-ride, and the pleasant visit enjoyed so long in anticipation, were out of the question. So she made arrangements for a social party; and though (as her prayer for a baby-sister with beautiful curls remained unanswered) there was nobody but mamma, Maggie, auntie, and the three eldest dolls, to partake of her dainties, she declared her delight in glowing terms.

I've known children who were so "cross," if a storm arose to thwart their plans, that they really made themselves disagreeable. One would suppose, to hear their sighs and groans, that God never intended to "let the blue sky out again," or at least meant to threaten a second deluge.

Instead of trying to derive pleasure from some other source, they would stand at the window with dismal faces, and watch the rain-drops trickling provokingly down the pane, or the feathery snow-flakes winging their way downward to cover the



VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1867.

NO. 12.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.

LULU'S FIRST PARTY.

"SUCH a little dot to be invited out!" said mamma, as she heard the earnest request of a friend, that all the children should come to the Christmas-eve gathering at her house.

Only twenty-two months old! How cunning she looked in her beautiful frock and shining "ties" as she tripped around the room in her sweet innocence, careless of all the burdensome forms that make society a weariness as we grow older!

There was a crowd always around the tiny belle, watching every movement, and catching every lisping word from her baby lips.

And Lulu was unconscious of all the admiration. She gave her smiles and her kisses wherever she went, and was quite content to be noticed or unobserved.

You should have seen her when the folding-doors between the parlors were thrown open, and there stood in view a beautiful green tree, with candles lighted upon the branches, and transparent balls of glass hanging, and dolls and books and toys, and bright paper-flowers, giving promise to many a little heart.

There was a gift for everybody. That is the way

a Christmas-tree ought always to be; because, you know, it represents the good things which the blessed Christmas Babe came to bestow upon every human being.

Lulu seemed to feel that there was something for her; and, what was very singular, she ran searching under the boughs at the root of the tree, and, espying a pretty little cane-seated chair, drew it out, and appropriated it; and that was the very gift that was meant for her.

People sometimes seem to know just what we want in their presents to us; but God always gives us exactly what is suited to our needs. This thought should make us content with whatever he bestows. I hope dear little Lulu, when she grows old enough to learn from whom all good things come, may go to the foot of his blessed cross, and find there the very gift that he designs for her, and that her pleasure will be in it.

It is a happy thing to remember that our darling's first party was associated with the dear little Christ-child. If, in all her after-life, her social pleasures are sanctified by the presence of Him who came to mingle with us in our daily walk, and in all our innocent joys, there will be no danger of her going astray, and getting into forbidden paths.

It is only when we forget our heavenly Father, and try to get our pleasure from mere worldly amusements, that we find ourselves weary and unsatisfied.

Already our baby folds her little hands, and says her prayer with a sweet reverence, as if she felt the supreme greatness and goodness; and when nurse asks her, "Lulu, who made the beautiful sky?" she says, with her dark eyes fixed wonderingly upon the heavens, "Our betted 'Ord."

I think God puts into little hearts and minds a certain consciousness of his love and presence, long before we suppose they can comprehend him. Oh, if one could keep always the spirit of a little innocent child!

Try, dear children, to do this, even when you are grown up to the stature of men and women; and I will pray my Father to put within me a child's heart, that I may, with you, be very dear to him, and belong especially to the kingdom of heaven.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

THE TRUANT.

When Arty Earle was five years old, he had contracted the very bad habit of running away from home without asking leave of his parents, and playing with boys who were very unsuitable companions.

Various means were tried to break him of this habit, without success; for although he would sometimes seem quite repentant, and make fair promises of amendment, almost every day he met with some temptation to break these promises, which he found it impossible to resist.

One day, immediately after dinner, he eluded the watchfulness of his mother, ran out of the gate, and did not return until it was dark. He endeavored to steal into the house unobserved; but his father met him at the gate, and refused to allow him to come in. "I can not have any little boy live with me," he said, "who thinks so little of his good home that he runs away from it every day, and cares so little for his kind parents that he constantly disobeys them;" and with these words he put him out into the dark, and went toward the house.

Arty was much frightened, and screamed with terror at the thought of being left alone out of doors all night. His father at first paid no regard to these cries, but left the little boy until he thought he was sufficiently punished; then he went to him, and, after Arty had promised he would not repeat his offense, led him into the house: and Arty was never more happy than when he found himself once more

in his own little bed; and, from that time, he was thoroughly cured of running away.

I could not help thinking how much Arty's conduct was like that of some of God's children. He is their kind heavenly Father: yet they wander away from him, when they know that the only safe place is close by his side; they go about their own plans and purposes, without once asking his leave or blessing upon what they do, although he has expressly said, "Ye should say, If the Lord will, we will do this or that." Is it not true also of children that they every day wander from God; that is, that they do many things that are displeasing to him (for this is wandering from him), and that they forget to ask whether this or that action would meet with his approbation? If it is so with any of you, dear children, let me entreat you to repent, and return to him now, while the day lasts; for, if you delay till the dark night of death comes, perhaps he will then refuse to receive you, and you will be forever excluded from the beautiful home with many mansions which he has prepared for those who love and obey him, and be cast into outer darkness, where is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

M.

For the Child at Home.

BIRDIE'S PRAYER.

"O mamma!" said a tearful little girl, her sweet voice tremulous with grief,—
"O mamma! my flower is all deaded up with snow on it, and I'll never see it again."

It was a late aster she was weeping over, that had withstood the early frosts, and been doubly cherished, because the other flowers had long since faded and gone.

"No," said the mother; "the flowers have only gone to sleep: and God has covered them over to keep them warm until their morning comes; then they'll be bright as ever."

"Is the snow their night-dress, mamma?"

"I should think so, Birdie: it's white enough, isn't it?"

"Yes'm. God puts it on just as you do mine, and tells 'em, 'Nighty-night;' and they shut their eyes wight up, don't they?"

"I guess so: good little flowers always mind."

"I'll be a good little flower, mamma: is it bedtime now?"

A smiling nod was the answer; and soon Birdie was dressed for her crib, white as the snow that covered her flower. Dropping on her knees, with hands folded, and the sweet, serious face raised, she whispered, "Our Father;" but, before the anxious little pleader could finish the dear Saviour's prayer, she exclaimed, "Oh! don't let my flower be 'fraid in the dark, and don't let the big night-dress smother it, and please wake it all up in the morning."

Sure enough, Birdie's prayer was answered just as she had expected it would be. The light snow had all melted before she opened her blue eyes upon the aster.

"God listened, mamma: he heard me. My flower is all waked up: will it stay so?"

The mother explained more fully, that soon the flowers must all sleep till the winter is over, and their morning is the spring. Then they awake, gloriously beautiful, to sleep no more for a long, long time. Just so every little child will some time sleep; and, if they love God and obey him, they will awake where there shall be no more night, no more need to sleep, where they shall be clothed in garments more pure and bright than any earthly flower, and the radiance of heavenly glory shall envelop them for ever and for ever.

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

All hail, fair Christmas morning!
We greet thy sacred dawning
With merry bells' sweet chiming, and songs of grateful praise.

Blest morn, repeat the story
Of Jesus' natal glory,
Through earth's revolving ages, down to its latest days.

O first bright Christmas morning!
How welcomed was thy dawning
By angel hosts outshining o'er Bethlehem's grassy plain,
When shepherds, upward gazing,
Heard, speechless in amazing,
Glad tidings of a Saviour to die for sinful men!

So each glad Christmas morning
Brings promise in its dawning
To sad, despairing millions of this our guilty race:
It tells "good news" of Jesus
From sin and shame who frees us;
Of Christ, the world's Redeemer, Emanuel, Prince of Peace.

O last fair Christmas morning!
When shall we see thy dawning?
When keep His last glad birthday till Jesus comes again?
When earth and heaven are shaken,
May we, redeemed awaken,
To join the angels, singing, "Our Lord has come to reign!"

H. E. B.



For the Child at Home.

SIWASH.

BY REV. J. D. STRONG.

The little Indian boy whose name you see above lives away up in the north-western part of British Columbia. Get your map, and I will show you just the spot. First find San Francisco, in California; then sail north about a thousand miles to the Straits of San Juan del Fuca; pass through the straits forty or fifty miles into Puget Sound; then up the sound to Fraser River; up that river one hundred and sixty miles to Fort Yale; then travel overland toward the north, fifteen days, almost to the borders of the (former) Russian possessions; and there, after passing up over a sharp spur of the mountain that juts down into the river, you will see him, dressed in an old ragged jacket which some white trapper has thrown away, with a bow and arrow in his hands, or fishing on the rocks, or sailing in one of those beautiful little canoes whose graceful lines furnished the first model of the clipper-ship, or playing under a great balsam fir-tree with other little red, dirty, long-haired boys.

His country is fine to look at, but not very pleasant to live in. The trees are tall, and the woods thick, so that the ground is damp and cold. The mountains, too, are high, and their tops always covered with snow, even in the summer, and the air is sharp and frosty; yet he has very little clothing, and shivers in the cold biting wind almost every day in the year.

In summer, he lives in a hut made of mats and skins; and in winter, in a large hole dug in the ground, and covered over with a round roof of sticks

and dirt. He goes in and out of this "sweat-house," as they call it, through a hole in the top, by climbing up and down the post that holds up the middle of the roof. It is a hard way to get out, I assure you; yet not so hard as it often is to be in there: for twenty or thirty men, women, and children sometimes burrow all winter in a hole not twenty feet square.

Little Siwash's food is mostly dried berries, which, in summer, grow abundantly on the hills, and salmon, caught in the river in the spring, and cured in the sun without salt. It is generally kept on a platform in some tall tree, where the thieving wolves can not reach it; and it is often so fragrant, that white men, passing by, have to hold their noses, or run to get fresh air.

His home, too, is surrounded by revengeful and bloodthirsty enemies: and he never dares to go very far away from the hut alone, and never without being armed just as his father is; for he does not know at what moment some cruel savage may pounce upon him and murder him.

It is a hard life he lives, you will think, with such food and clothing, and such a home, surrounded by such enemies; and so it is. But he is a bright, smart-looking little fellow; in fact, the brightest and smartest Indian boy I ever saw. It is true, he looks like the Chinese, as all the Indians in that region do. He has nearly the same color, and just the same large ears and high cheek-bones; the inside corner of his eyes, too, slant downwards; his hair is coarse and black; and he has the same wide mouth and thick lips. Yet he is fine-looking; and, if he were as clean and well-dressed, you could scarcely tell him from Ching Wang, the little Chinese boy whose picture you once saw in this paper.

So, just for sport, I asked his father what he would take for him; and he replied, "That blanket you have around you." And, as the little fellow caught the words, he burst into tears, and begged with sobs and groans, all the time clinging to his mother's hand, that he might not be sold to the stranger "pale-face." His father tried to reason with him. He said, "My son, it is the very best thing I can do for you. With this Big Boston" (as these Indians call all white men) "you will have a warm blanket and *hiyou mukmuk*;" which, in the Chinook language, means "plenty to eat." But he would not be persuaded, and still clung to his almost naked, degraded mother and wretched home.

I passed on with heart aching for little Siwash, not so much because he was naked and hungry, and miserable in body, as because he was ignorant and degraded, and had no one to teach him to be good and to do good. I said, "Oh that every white boy in America could see this noble-looking little savage in his dirt and degradation, and thus be made to understand how much is being done for them by their parents and Sabbath-school teachers! I shall never forget him; and I hope, children, that you will all remember that there are thousands of just such little Indian boys in America; and when you grow up to be men and women, instead of cheating them and shooting them, and driving them away from their homes, as so many of our wicked white men do, you will treat them kindly, and go to them, and teach them to fear and love God and be good."

THE PRECIOUS VOLUMES.

A missionary wife writes to Rev. Dr. Child from Ningpo, China,—

"But the precious volumes of 'The Child at Home' I could not yet part with. Of the earlier ones, every page, almost, brings to memory some association of a merry boy, our first-born darling; and

then, a little later, Baby Ada's fingers were taught to trace some loved figure in the beautiful pictures which so richly adorn it. And although it is years ago that child-music was transferred from our home in this dark, 'weary land' to our Father's house, we still sometimes indulge in the mournful fancy of what they would have said if they could have read and enjoyed these charming papers.

"And, more than any other papers that we receive, these tend to keep fresh in our hearts the home-life in our own dear native land. Alas! how widely different are the scenes by which we are surrounded!

"Perhaps I may at some time (if you desire it) give you a sketch of a Chinese home."



For the Child at Home.

A CHRISTMAS DISAPPOINTMENT.

It always makes me feel sad to see the little folks disappointed. It seems, sometimes, as if their dear little hearts would break; but, if I could only get the ear of these children, I would say to them, "It will do you good to be disappointed sometimes. It's a bitter medicine; but such medicine will make you stronger and better."

It's a great lesson to learn to *submit cheerfully* and *pleasantly* when you can not have all you want. And do you know that it is your Father in heaven who sends all your trials upon you, as well as all your comforts? He often breaks up our plans, and spoils our hopes, so as to make us just trust in him. But there's one thing he will never disappoint us in; if we love the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall one day be perfectly happy in heaven.

For the Child at Home.

OBSTACLES.

When I was a little child, my parents made an excursion, with my sisters and me, to P——, a lovely town some five miles distant from B——, where we lived. Now one is there in little more than half an hour, passing fields, forests, houses, streams, in a hurry; but *then*, there being no railway, the horses must patiently and perseveringly toil forwards for I don't know how many hours.

It was quite a little journey; and for us children, who never traveled in our lives before, it was a great one. When we were about half way, it struck me that we proceeded very slowly. I looked out of the coach-window, and saw before me what seemed to me an insurmountable obstacle, — a high mountain just in our way, and neither to the right nor to the left hand room for the carriage to pass. I saw it *must* toil up to the summit of the mountain; and then, I thought, it *must* fall back again. I drew my

head in again, and was silent. Papa looked out too, and said not a word about the obstacle before us. I was astonished that he could look so unconcerned. We went slowly on for a long, long time. My little sisters were fallen asleep, my mother looked dreamingly into the green fields round us, and my father read. I waited anxiously the moment when the coachman would whip the poor horses, when they would rear and plunge, and refuse to go on, when at last they *must* do it, and the carriage would roll back. Oh! I could have shrieked with fright when I imagined that dreadful scene.

But suddenly the carriage, instead of stopping, began to roll; and rolled on rapidly and easily, as if it were a mere pleasure for the horses to draw it. I looked out, and, to my astonishment, the mountain was gone. A beautiful broad road lay before us, bordered with nice country-houses on every side. Papa had looked out too.

"There was a mountain before us, papa," I said: "where is it now? I thought we could never come to the summit, and must fall down. I was so afraid!"

"Oh!" said my father, laughing, "the road went up hill, and in the distance that looked just like a mountain; but, as the way was such a long one to the top of the hill, it ascended so gradually, that we scarcely noticed we were going up. Now we are there, and P—— is before us. The horses will be glad, I think. They had hard work to draw us up."

And glad I was too. There was quite a mountain off my mind, and I laughed at my childish fear.

I have ever since remembered this mountain. There are often obstacles before us which we think can not be surmounted; but, before we are aware, they dissolve into mere nothing, and our fear was the worst of it. If we had always confidence and courage, we should never fear.

C. S.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

For the Child at Home.

BORN IN JAIL-LIMITS.

BY UNA LOCKE.

In one of the earlier years of this century, which we call the nineteenth, a little boy named Willie Mason was born. He was a sweet little boy, bright, and of great promise; yet his mother was not glad. Both the mother and father of this beautiful child wept over him, and wondered why the good and loving Father above had sent him to their poor home: for you must know these people had already become elderly, had reared a family, which had grown up, and gone out from the old home, — a far better one than this; and they had now, through no fault of theirs, become very poor. Worst of all, just at this time Dr. Mason was actually (under the demands of an old Connecticut law) within "jail-limits" for debt; that is, he was not allowed to leave the county where he then was; and so this dear little blue-eyed boy would have been quite unwelcome, only that his parents were both followers of the blessed Lord, and they would not commit against one of his "little ones" the smallest "offense;" but they thought, "What shall we do with this child? and how can we educate him?" But, first of all, they gave him up to this blessed Lord (who could not, as they knew, make a mistake), to be his own for ever.

Ah! the powerful, loving, all-wise God never makes a mistake; and very many people, some of them now in heaven, and others on earth, know quite well that he did not in this case.

The sweet little boy grew and prospered; though his father, soon released from county-limits, was still poor. If I were writing a fairy tale, I should here say that some tiny creature with gauzy wings came and anointed his eyes and his ears, and kissed his lips, as he lay in the cradle, and gave him fairy blessings, so that he might see rare and wonderful beauty in the earth where others saw only the com-

monest sights; so that he should be able to understand a hidden meaning in music, and have power to express himself through its language; so, too, that he should speak with an elegant tongue, and write songs to touch the heart. But, as I am telling only the plain truth, I will say that God made him a poet, and gave him an exquisite and delicate taste and a fine intellect; so that, when he was but a little child, he uttered such curious and original and poetical thoughts, that, even now that he is a middle-aged man, the old men of seventy remember and repeat them.

He was a good, obedient boy; and, when his father died, he took care of his mother, and supported her by the labor of his hands. He gave himself up to the Saviour, and the Saviour sent him to preach the glad tidings of great great joy which should be to all people. He has preached for more than thirty years; and Christ has blessed him and those who have heard him, so that a multitude of poor sinners who were wandering in the dark have seen a great light as he stood and pointed to it, and have been saved, for ever and ever, from stumbling on the dark mountains.

One minister has said every man's life is a plan of God. I am sure *this* good man's was.

For the Child at Home.

LITTLE MINNIE'S FROST RAINBOW.

Not long ago, one bright Sabbath morning, our little Minnie (who, by the way, is a very early riser) was up as early as usual. She said her prayers, and then trotted down stairs to the dining-room, where, upon looking out of the window, she found her little dog Dash ready to bid her "Good-morning." Minnie loved Dash very much, and always treated him kindly; which Dash returned by wagging his tail, and making many graceful jumps toward little Minnie.



But, this time, their salutations were soon brought to a close; for Minnie's attention was suddenly attracted by something else in quite an opposite direction. On looking up toward the sky, she saw something very beautiful moving about, and in many bright colors. It was not long before Minnie had called her papa and mamma to see what it could be away up there in the sky.

Her papa and mamma thought it looked very much like a rainbow; but what could be the cause of it on such a bright, sunny morning, and the ground covered with snow? The whole family were summoned to see the strange phenomenon; and each one was unable to explain the mystery, until, after looking a few moments, they discovered that the branches of all the trees, and even the tiniest twigs, were sparkling like jewels. The whole air,

